The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1903.

The Week.

On Monday night Congress was in a mood akin to that of Donnybrook Fair, "Wherever you see a head, hit it." The Aldrich bill was the first to receive the compliments of the season, nearly all the Democrats joining in the testimonial. Senator Morgan came out strong as a cunctator, putting in a two hours' speech where it could serve no other purpose than to prevent a vote. Some slight attempts were made to cast blame on Senator Quay and the Statehood bill which have used up so much of the time of the session; but the pen of history, if it concerns itself at all with Mr. Aldrich's bill, will place the responsibility at his own door. He has been a member of the Senate for twenty-one years. He has been Chairman of the Finance Committee a large part of that time. Nothing has prevented him from bringing forward a measure of this kind. If it were a desirable measure, he could have introduced it in his younger days and prepared the way for its passage. But, supposing that Mr. Aldrich received his first enlightenment from the Chamber of Commerce resolution of last December, asking for a measure of this kind, why did he waste his opportunities through the whole month of January? There was plenty of time to have passed this measure if he had begun early, and before the usual ice-gorge of the closing session formed. If the bill is lost he may thank himself for the result.

President Roosevelt's latest letter in explanation of his policy of negro appointments shows that he is determined to hold the impregnable position he has taken. Color shall be no bar to office. Neither shall it be a claim to office. Fitness, as demonstrated by intelligence, character, and capacity, with no exclusion on account of creed or color—what other standard is defensible in a democracy? Mr. Roosevelt is not moved by the clamor which his course in this particular has aroused. He has taken his stand, and, as it is upon a vital principle, he will not retreat. His firmness and courage are admirable, yet we must think him a little innocent for wondering why his effort to be just to an inferior race has excited such an outcry. What has changed, he asks by implication, since the Republican party and the country were committed to the doctrine which he now lays down? The South gives him his answer. It tells him that our treatment of an inferior race across the sea has encouraged certain men to believe that an inferior race may be oppressed in our own land. They would commend to the lips of the negro the chalice which Mr. Roosevelt has helped press to the lips of the Filipino. What the astonished President sees is only our injustice abroad returning to plague us at home.

Secretary Root has made short work of the Isle of Pines filibusters. To the Senate resolution asking about the status of that bit of Cuban territory, and of the American citizens resident therein, the Secretary replies that the island is under the government of the republic of Cuba, and that the Americans living on it are in the same position as other foreigners. The Isle of Pines was turned over to President Palma by Gen. Wood, and under Cuban jurisdiction it remains, with all its inhabitants—Platt amendments and Congressional resolutions to the contrary notwithstanding. That is the law of the matter, as laid down by Mr. Root, and the morals of the business are like unto it. We have no occasion, under any specious plea, of yielding to any artificial movement got up among Americans on the Isle of Pines, and meddling with that bit of property any more than with any other thing that is our neighbor's. To claim it would be a fraud, and to take it nothing but robbery. It is refreshing to have the War Department maintain the only correct position in this affair. That monograph on the Isle of Pines which was prepared under the direction of the Secretary of War, and which set forth the resources of the island so temptingly, led some to fear that the Administration was preparing a Naboth's vineyard to seize. That unpleasant apprehension has now been dispelled by Mr. Root's clear-cut disavowal of any shadow of right in the premises, or of any lurking covetous intent.

What the Cuban Treasury has done to improve its situation since May 1, 1902, may be shown in a brief statement. Gen. Brooke, at the end of his term as Military Governor, turned over to the island's funds nearly $2,000,000. During the two years of Gen. Wood's administration, this surplus was cut down to about $540,000—in other words, his two years showed a deficit of some $1,400,000. Yet in the first eight months after President Palma took office, and that under most trying circumstances, the deficit was turned into a surplus of $1,500,000, so that the available cash on hand is again in the neighborhood of $2,000,000. If such a result, attained on the basis of practically the same revenue and without curtailing the public service, had been achieved by an Anglo-Saxon President, we should have thought it looked very like a genius for finance. The Havana correspondent of the London *Times* has been pointing out these and the other proofs of fitness of the Cubans to govern themselves, despite the widespread impression in Europe and the United States that they were not fit. He dwells on their patience in adversity, their remarkable recuperative power, and the extraordinary way in which they have brought their chief industries through the ravages of war and the following severe depression. The plain truth is that Cuba to-day, with the higher price now ruling for sugar, is less in need of reciprocity with us than we are with her. We take 84 per cent. of her exports, tariff or no tariff, but sell her only about 30 per cent. of her imports; despite our enormous advantage of location. The reduced rates held out to our merchants in the pending treaty are, therefore, a plain offer of a greatly enlarged trade. Is a sullen and entrenched protectionism in Congress to prove again too powerful for the advocates of an enlightened and profitable policy of cultivating foreign trade?

On the ninth of February Senator Rawlins offered a resolution in the Senate calling on the War Department for the records of certain courts-martial in the Philippines where American soldiers had been placed on trial for barbarous practices. The resolution was, on motion of Mr. Lodge, referred to the Committee on the Philippines, of which he is chairman. It was reported back on the 21st with an amendment calling for nothing but a bare summary of the courts-martial. In this form every convenience will be offered for the suppression of disagreeable facts. The course of the Department touching this particular branch of its business has been marked by concealment and duplicity. There is not a more shameful page in our history. Nothing so much needs turning inside out as the court-martial records, unless it be an exposure of the cases of barbarity that never were tried. Of the latter, nothing will be known positively until the last trump sounds. Of the former we shall know only so much as Mr. Lodge and Mr. Root and President Roosevelt think will not hurt the party. There is no other reason for withholding these records. It would be interesting to learn, for instance, what reason, if any, existed for commuting the sentence of Lieut. Preston Brown, who was duly convicted by his brother officers of killing "an unarmed, unresisting Filipino, name unknown, a prisoner of war in his charge," and sentenced to be dismissed from the service of the United States and confined at hard labor for five years. This man's sentence was

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commuted by the President to a loss of thirty points in his line of promotion, and he was restored to the service without other punishment. When this travesty of justice was announced it was said that there were "mitigating circumstances." If there were any such, they would undoubtedly be found in the records of the court-martial. If there were none, that defect would be made manifest. The Preston Brown case is only one of a large number of sealed books which ought to be opened.

From all that we can learn, it is clear that Gen. Grosvenor's book venture seriously disabled him as a subsidy-promoter. His own associates were naturally shy of tying their fortunes to a man whose check from J. P. Morgan, in facsimile, was already in great demand in Democratic districts. As one Washington correspondent put it, in spite of all Grosvenor's angry and virtuous denials he "was caught with the goods on," and the fac-simile of his own letter and of his checks "squelched him and silenced his batteries." Certainly, they have been extraordinarily silent ever since the *Evening Post* was able to confute him out of his own mouth. It was obvious, in the result, that in trying to serve himself too carefully, he made it impossible to serve the Shipping Trust. Republican managers shrank back in dismay at the thought of a subsidy engineered by Grosvenor, with his facsimiles certain to flood the country. In this connection, none but the hypercritical will see anything significant in the news from Iowa that Speaker Henderson, whose conversion to the subsidy plan has been made public, is, on retirement, to become "chief counsel for a steamship company." That would be a mere undesigned coincidence.

Party spirit may perhaps condone the action of the Regular Republicans in Delaware in choosing an Addicks man for Senator in order to beat Addicks himself, and to secure both the seats for men who wear their own party label. But decent people who have watched the fight from a distance will condemn such a compromise in the severest terms. To take a tool of Addicks instead of Addicks himself does not make for righteousness. On the contrary, it enables Addicks to claim that his doings have been endorsed by the Republican party. Dispatches from Dover say that he is intensely disappointed at the result, but we do not see why he should be. He had no standing before among the decent people of the State. Now he is recognized in the person of his man Allee, who gets the long term, as the real leader of the party. His views—that is, his dollars—will now receive consideration in many places where they have hitherto been spurned, and there is too much reason to apprehend that he will come back stronger than he is to-day. If Addicks is to be beaten in the next fight he must be beaten by Democrats, not by weak-kneed Republicans.

Union lawlessness did its perfect work in West Virginia on February 25. Armed strikers defied the Federal authorities. "To hell with the Government," they shouted, when told that it was a writ of a United States Court which the Federal officers wanted to serve upon them. Your injunctions do not go here, they maintained, in imitation of John Y. McKane. Under such circumstances there was nothing to do but to enforce the law at all hazards. Parleying with a mob is always dangerous, but parleying with defiant strikers who resist the peaceful operation of the law, with rifles in their hands, would be madness in such a state of frenzied opinion as the United Mine Workers have encouraged in West Virginia. The blood of the slain miners is upon the heads of their reckless leaders —and also upon their weak apologists. Yet even their counsel, Mr. Darrow, would shrink, we dare say, from pointing to the unhappy "environment" of these rioters as their sufficient excuse. The affair became really a battle between an oligarchy setting itself up as superior to the laws of the nation, and the resolute officers of the court. The latter conquered, though at fearful cost. But the lesson they taught is worth any price. Violence by strikers must be put down with a hard hand. It is the prime duty to society.

If the labor union leaders at Schenectady think that, by securing a special dispensation permitting the reinstatement of Potter, they can quiet the storm of protest aroused by his expulsion because of membership in the National Guard, they are likely to find themselves greatly mistaken. The dispatches say that the Vice-President of the International Painters' Union is convinced that the Potter case has "injured the organization more than anything else that could happen to it." Doubtless this is true. His remedy apparently is to settle this particular case. But he ought to see that Potter's reinstatement will be nothing if the spirit which prompted his expulsion is still to prevail. The constitution of the International Painters' Union prohibits its members from belonging to the State militia. While this provision remains and is upheld by the leaders, the reinstatement of a hundred expelled militiamen whose cases become objects of public attention will do no good. It will be too plain that what the labor men seek is not to deal fairly with the State, as patriotic citizens, but merely to avoid punishment, and, perhaps, hostile legislation resulting from their disloyalty. The Painters' Union, like others of its kind, has taken a position which is untenable, as well as wicked. It cannot avoid further attack by a partial retreat.

If John Mitchell is to go the way of all previous labor leaders, and break his neck by running against the stone wall of public opinion, he could not hit upon a surer road to ruin than his reported plan of a universal boycott of non-union goods. His idea is to get up a gigantic combination among trades unions, each of which shall refuse, not only to buy, but to work with, or to allow public authorities to contract for, non-union products. On Thursday there was seen in Chicago the beginning of the execution of this scheme. A delegation of labor leaders, headed by Samuel Gompers, went to the Mayor to protest against the city's using coal mined by non-union labor. This is one wing of the battle which the Mine Workers' Union is waging in order to unionize the mines in West Virginia. The other wing is on the spot, and carries rifles and shoots Federal marshals. What does it matter that Chicago buys its coal by public contract? We have got far beyond the notion that a municipal contract may be awarded to the man who, at the lowest price, will furnish the article desired. Has it the union label? If not, the city authorities are "enemies of labor," and are to be threatened with electoral punishment. And a club is also to be held over the heads of private employers. Their clerks, their artisans, will drop work and leave them in the lurch if one shred or stick of accursed non-union material is put into their hands. The whole world must be pasted over, "Union-made." This will be done, however, only when men have learned to hate liberty and to love tyranny.

A considerable part of the muddle in the New York Legislature over the tax measures is doubtless due to a confusion of terms. Gov. Odell considers any tax, not a direct levy on the property valuation of the counties, an indirect tax. But this is so only in the most technical sense. Originally, the scheme to abolish the direct State tax was announced as a plan to relieve real estate of all but its local burdens. This has been the effect of indirect taxation for the support of government in other States. But a glance at the tax measures now proposed by the Governor will show how far he has wandered from this idea. The proposed mortgage tax, as we have shown, is essentially a burden upon real estate; the bill to place a stamp tax on real property conveyance is, of course, of the same quality; and the amendment of the inheritance tax which has passed the Senate and was the least opposed of the various revenue measures, proposes to compel real property transferred by

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inheritance to a lineal descendant to pay its percentage to the State. Such transfers are exempt under the present inheritance-tax law. In other words, the only revenue bills now proposed, for the purpose of carrying out the Governor's determination permanently to abolish direct taxation, are measures putting additional burdens upon real property.

Those members who profess to favor a waterway between Lake Erie or Lake Ontario and the Hudson, but who assert that it ought to be a ship canal, and that the United States Government ought to construct it, will do well to give some attention to the views of Mr. Gustav H. Schwab, expressed in a letter to the *Tribune* of Monday. The argument in favor of the ship canal is that, by means of it, grain could be transported from the Western lake ports without the expense of breaking bulk at Buffalo. The answer of Mr. Schwab, who is an expert in such matters, is that nothing would be gained by this, on account of the conditions which obtain at this port. At present, grain is taken from lake steamers at Buffalo by elevators, and from these loaded upon canalboats by mechanical means. The canalboat, on reaching this port, goes alongside the ocean steamer and transfers its grain by means of a floating elevator. If a twenty-one-foot ship canal permitted the lake steamer to come through to New York, the breaking of bulk which now takes place at Buffalo would be necessary here. The lake steamers, according to Mr. Schwab, could not transfer directly to the ocean carrier, but would have to unload to lighters, and they would then perform the same service as the canalboat. The difference would be that, all charges here being higher than at Buffalo, the latter method would be the more expensive of the two. This practical objection supplements in an important manner the well-known argument, apparently ignored by the ship-canal advocates, that to send lake steamers through a long waterway much more satisfactorily traversed by canalboats would be a flagrant example of economic waste.

The United States Supreme Court made a decision last week which appears greatly to extend the power of the States to protect either natural or urban sites of exceptional beauty. The case before the Court was that of the Westminster Chambers on Copley Square, Boston. When this building was in process of construction, a bill was passed by the Legislature limiting the height of buildings on the square to ninety feet. The owners of the building fought the bill in the courts on the ground, first, that its application to the Westminster Chambers was retroactive; and, second, that it violated the general city ordinance which allows building to a height twice and a half the breadth of the street. The owners were required by legal process to take down the portion of the building which exceeded ninety feet, and this decision of the Supreme Court makes an end of the various stays which have delayed the execution of that order. In deference to the law and in respect to the beauty of Copley Square, the intruding giant must now abate many feet of his inordinate stature. The important feature of the decision is that it recognizes distinctly the right to pass special building laws for a part of a city. The ostensible reason for the law limiting the height of buildings on Copley Square was to prevent the light from being cut off from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; but there would be no difficulty in establishing reasons as good whenever a city desired to regulate building on parks and public squares. It may still be true that every land owner may excavate on his own plot until he reaches the centre of the earth, but it is certain that he may build toward the heavens only so far as the general convenience allows. Earlier decisions in the matter of bill-posting and building laws have tended to limit such legislation by the ordinary police power.

It is a mere coincidence, but a happy one, that Mr. Charles F. McKim, the distinguished architect, has received the gold medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects, at the very time when ignorant and unfriendly criticism of his White House improvements was still prevalent at Washington. Those who know the range of Mr. McKim's monumental designs, exemplified by buildings as different as the libraries of Boston and of Columbia University, will feel that the distinction was as justly bestowed as the abuse was indiscriminatingly heaped upon him by wiseacres of the House and Senate. His critics, indeed, have apparently come to a better sense of things in refusing to authorize Representative Cannon's extension to the Capitol, which was to have been executed by the amateur architect now superintendent of that building. That action leads us to hope that the time will soon come when American architecture need not look abroad for the recognition that it should have at home. Washington itself, if the rule of hands off be strictly applied to the various officials who have come into the responsibilities of an architect without the requisite training, will become a means of education to our rulers, and the third American recipient of the Royal Institute's medal (Mr. McKim is the second) may be fortunate enough to please both his notable colleagues of the foreign academies, and at home his more difficult Congressional clients.

There is merit in the proposal advanced by Judge Perry of Connecticut for reciprocity between the States in the levying of inheritance taxes. Laws imposing such taxes are everywhere multiplying, and, as they apply generally to non-resident as well as resident estates, a frequent result is the imposition of a tax by two or more States upon the same property. While it may be true that much of the property thus doubly burdened is paying a belated tribute to an authority whose agents were dodged by the owner during his life, that is no justification for double taxation. To remedy that injustice, Judge Perry would copy the methods of Federal tariff makers. He suggests for Connecticut an inheritance tax for non-resident estates, with a provision for remitting such taxes to States that agree to return the courtesy. It is a novel idea and might apply between Connecticut and Rhode Island, and perhaps Massachusetts. It would be difficult, however, to establish such reciprocity with New York. Because of the gravitation of wealth to this city, the State would lose more than it would gain by such an arrangement. Regardless of the justice of the proposal, it would undoubtedly be loath to surrender any of its highly prized indirect revenue.

Whether Hammurabi was or was not "the friend of Abraham" is a question less important to the world at large than to the Kaiser, who asserted the friendship as a fact, and to Professor Oppert, who speaks for the French discoverers of Hammurabi.Professor Oppert's genial criticism of Imperial chronology is expressed in a tone of learned raillery which will be much more effective than abuse. And, in fact, the various incursions of the Emperor into the arts and 'ologies is a spectacle to encourage the Democritean mood. Perhaps the only serious consideration suggested by the Hammurabi incident is that one may hardly be learned and a king. It is one of the gravest disadvantages of that high office that he who is born to the purple can only with the greatest difficulty see the world in its true colors, while from the first the sources of first-hand information are closed to him. Various mediæval writers have set down an ideal "Discipline for a Prince," but it is probable that few princes were ever so brought up by book. Obviously, no heir to a throne has time for such laborious studies as go to the making of a specialist, and what little learning is open to him is conveyed in diluted forms—*in usum Delphini*. No wonder the Emperor slips when he ventures into the maze of Babylonian history. The error was a venial one, for the point was not the friendship of Hammurabi and Abraham, but the apostolic succession of the Kaiser from both. This must be a matter rather of opinion than of demonstration.

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PEOPLE AND REPRESENTATIVES.

Congress is, as we write, drawing to its close in something more than the usual muddle. Party passion, feigned or real, cross-purposes between the two houses, arrogant assertion of power by individual Senators, taking advantage of the way in which the rules of the Senate handcuff it—all combined are threatening the failure of most important legislation. And it is legislation, too, for which there is every evidence of a wide and genuine popular demand. If there is anything that has the people's mandate behind it, it is the interoceanic canal. Yet that project is deliberately strangled. In behalf of the Cuban Treaty, there is not, perhaps, the enthusiasm which existed a year ago—with our customary fickleness, we have got "tired" of that subject; yet we do not doubt that, if put to popular vote, a generous measure of reciprocity with Cuba would carry everything before it.

The clearest case of all is the Philippine Tariff bill. If a plébiscite could be had on the proposal to treat the Filipinos decently—and that is all that is involved in buying their products untaxed—the voices in favor would come up like the sound of many waters. This country is not so mean and starveling as might appear from the action of its representatives in Congress. We do not want to split half-pence with a people in distress. All this pitiful talk about a few thousand tons of Philippine sugar injuring any substantial interest in this, the greatest sugar-consuming nation on earth, would be hooted out of a political campaign if it were ever ventured on the open stump. We are not really built so small as to haggle over fair treatment of a feeble folk who have to look to us alone for aid, after having had the ravages of pestilence and famine added to the desolations of war. If the people could get at the small-minded pettifoggers who are obstructing Philippine tariff relief at Washington, they would brush them aside as impatiently as they would a physician stipulating for his fee before saving a child bleeding to death.

Such being the state of the case, why does Congress sullenly refuse to act? Why does Senator Foraker plead in vain for dealing with the Filipinos as we have done with the Porto Ricans? Why is Senator Lodge compelled to admit that it would be "impossible" to pass a bill giving to the Philippines even so incomplete a remission of tariff duties as the House proposed? Why, finally, are we brought to the shame, as a nation, of seeing the President transmit an urgent message to Congress, containing the explicit and alarming statement of facts by Gov. Taft, only to have the Senate resist the humane appeal and the summons to duty? It certainly seems as if the machinery of government had somehow gone wrong. Every representative in either house of Congress professes to be eager to consult the popular will, yet here is a manifest desire of the whole people which their agents at Washington refuse to execute.

It is obvious that the President's message was really directed more to public opinion than to the Senate, where it was nominally sent. Senators were not ignorant of the emergency. No doubt the President had labored with dozens of them in private on this very subject. The facts were all accessible. The crying need of immediate action was known. Yet the Senate fell back with its helpless *non possumus*, and, as a last resort, the President of the whole people spoke up in their name. The response has been all that could have been expected in the time and under the circumstances. From the press a general protest has gone up. The Senate has been urged to act, and not further disgrace the American name by the display of a paltry spirit towards our own needy wards. Expressions from the pulpit have not been wanting; and everywhere in private one hears only words of disgust and indignation that Congress should so misrepresent the people in this matter of national concern.

Why does it? That question strikes near the heart of many of our political troubles. We say comfortably that the people are represented at Washington; but just how strictly true is that? A critical deadlock like the present shows us, what we often fail to see, that many special interests are well represented at Washington, but that the nation as a whole is but poorly represented. Beet sugar has its Senators, tobacco has its representatives; Standard Oil knows its own at the Capitol; steel manufacturers have their spokesmen there, and so have the makers of gloves and pinchbeck jewelry, as well as the Gloucester herring smugglers—but who is the unfettered Senator that stands, not simply for his own State, or some selfish interest in it, but for the good of the nation at large? What Congressman feels that he is under the eye, not of his own district, or of the men in it who have sent him to Washington for their own ends, but of the American people, and that to them he is answerable?

These questions, with their implied answers, let us far into the secret of the obstinate attitude of Congress when the nation appeals to it. The separate interests which are really represented are all the while alert and active; the people who are ostensibly represented are inattentive and indifferent, for the most part, and have to get very angry and clamorous indeed to be heard at all. This is the essence of the situation in which the President finds himself caught. He has the people behind him; but Congress is controlled by private interests. He marks out a policy of national importance, but finds his measures done to death by the representatives of the parish and the pocketbook.

THE ALDRICH BILL.

The debate on the Aldrich bill for placing the Treasury surplus in the national bank depositories has taken so wide a range and has led to the proposal of so many changes, that a review of the whole subject may be useful to those who have not followed it closely.

The system of keeping the money of the Government in its own vaults dates from the year 1840. Prior to that time the public funds had been deposited in banks and drawn out by checks like that of private individuals and corporations. From 1791 to 1811, and from 1816 to 1833, the deposits had been placed in two banks chartered by Congress; during the alternate periods they had been kept in State banks designated by the Secretary of the Treasury. The abandonment of the deposit system was due to the bank war in President Jackson's Administration. The Jackson party had overthrown the Bank of the United States, and, as the Government had no vaults of its own, it was compelled to use those of the State banks. When the panic of 1837 ensued and these banks suspended, it became necessary either to charter a new Bank of the United States or to provide independent facilities for receiving, storing, and paying out the Government's money. This was the burning question of Van Buren's Administration. The Democratic politicians could not charter a new Bank of the United States without admitting that they had blundered in destroying the old one. So they established the independent Treasury, which, with some slight modifications, has lasted to the present day. Daniel Webster was one of the opponents of that measure. His speech on the Sub-Treasury bill is still read as a rhetorical masterpiece, in which a dry and forbidding question in public finance has been invested with the charms of his oratory:

> "Money," he said, "is designed to circulate, not to be hoarded. All that Government should have to do with it is to receive it to-day, that it may pay it away to-morrow. It should not receive it before it needs it; and it should part with it as soon as it owes it. To keep it—that is, to detain it, to hold it back from general use, to hoard it—is a conception belonging to barbarous times and barbarous governments."

These words are as true now as when they were spoken, and are even better appreciated now than then. They contain the whole philosophy of the Aldrich bill, which seeks to accomplish the main part of what Webster contended for. The only differences are due to changes of time and circumstances. Nobody now proposes a new Bank of the United States, but nearly everybody agrees that it is absurd, harmful, and even dangerous to treat the Government's collec-

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tions of revenue as a miser's hoard, depleting the money market and depriving the community of some part of its means of transacting business. Upon this subject there is no difference of opinion except as to matters of detail.

The rigid provisions of the Sub-Treasury law were relaxed in 1864 so that the Treasury might deposit that part of its surplus funds which was derived from internal revenue (not customs duties) in national banks upon receiving from such banks United States bonds as collateral security. The reason for making a distinction between internal and customs revenue was that the latter was payable in gold and the former in currency. Although this distinction ceased to have any significance when specie payments were resumed in 1879, it has remained on the statute-book. The Aldrich bill rightly proposes to abolish it. It proposes also to modify the clause requiring from the banks United States bonds as security for such deposits, by accepting other collaterals, such as the bonds of States, cities, and corporations of a specified grade, and requiring interest for the deposits at not less than 1½ per cent. per annum. The question whether collaterals might not be dispensed with altogether and a higher rate of interest obtained, has not been considered in the Senate, but has been brought up by the Banking Committee of the House, which favors the latter plan. This would save time, labor, and the cost of transportation of the securities, besides bringing a larger return to the Treasury. As the Government has a prior lien on all the assets of national banks for dues to itself, it would be impossible for a loss to occur if the Secretary of the Treasury were a man of even moderate business sagacity.

At this juncture the bankers of Chicago have sent to Washington a protest against the exaction of any interest on Government deposits. They say that if the Aldrich bill passes in its present shape, the result will be the immediate surrender by the banks of the deposits they now hold, and a consequent contraction of bank notes. The reason why this result would follow, they say, is that the banks cannot afford to carry as investments either Government bonds or the other bonds that the Aldrich bill provides for. They add that if they were required to put up Government bonds as security and pay 1½ per cent. interest for the deposits, they would lose money. This may be true, but it does not follow that there would be a loss on the other bonds named in the bill. If money is not worth 1½ per cent. in the West, under the terms of the Aldrich bill as a whole, the stringency cannot be great. It would be just as well to let the deposits flow back to the Treasury. We venture to predict that New York will take all that Chicago surrenders on those terms.

It is, nevertheless, true that the bill would lead to the selling of Government bonds and the buying of the other kinds to a pretty large amount. The price of the former would be depressed, and that of the latter augmented, but the demand for Governments is so steady and the supply so limited that this effect would be slight and only temporary. The amount of Treasury deposits in the banks now is $130,000,000 but no such amount of Government bonds could be thrown on the market by the shifting process, since every bank must hold a fixed amount of bonds under its charter requirements. The shifting process would be slow in any event.

Mr. Fowler has presented a statement to the House showing that the money in the Treasury, over and above the customary working balance of $50,000,000 and the amount already deposited in the banks, is less than $22,000,000. As we are facing a probable payment of $50,000,000 on account of the Panama Canal, there is not much danger of a contraction of the money supply, even if the bill does not pass now. What may happen during the next nine months cannot be foreseen. People have their eyes on the demand for the next crop-moving season rather than upon any present exigency. Of course, there ought not to be any Treasury surplus to dispose of; of course, the taxes ought to be cut down to the measure of the necessary expenditures. But tax reduction requires time, even when Congress is ready to take it up for practical legislation. Such is not the case now, and meanwhile the surplus may accumulate to an aggravating extent.

THE OBVERSE OF PROSPERITY.

Universal prosperity is, in some respects, like universal protection. If all are efficiently protected, nobody is protected. No one industry, that is to say, then has a tariff aid which gives it a competitive advantage. And if everybody's wages, salary, rents, freights, prices, go up equally, and their necessary expenses in the same proportion, no one is, relatively and in so far, better off than when all were equal lower down on the scale. There are, of course, other considerations, such as steadiness as well as remunerativeness of employment, which enter into the question; but in so far as prosperity consists merely in advancing income all around, with outgo increased in like proportion, the more widely and even-handedly its blessings are diffused, the more dubious do those blessings appear to be. Is it not the fact to-day that, with all classes benefiting and, as far as they are able to, benefiting equally by the continued good times, the times themselves begin to look less good? With every form of labor and manufacture and enterprise at the top notch, men look ruefully at each other, wondering who is going to fall first, and how far.

This is one form of the prevailing suspicion that prosperity is not all that it is cracked up to be. We handle more money, but we have no more to the good. Enlarged outlay eats up increased earnings. Corporations feel this as well as the individual; and we know of large building concerns, and even railway companies, whose presidents say that they hope prices and wages will break soon. One reason they do is because they perceive the risk of capitalizing their present undertakings at so high a level as the present. Building in this city, for example, costs to-day, we think it safe to say, considering the rise in wages and the higher price of materials, 20 per cent. more than in 1895. But that means that when we return to something like the conditions of eight years ago—as we shall do unless history is going to cease to copy fair its past—real-estate owners will have to take 20 per cent. less rent than they obtain to-day. If they do not, new buildings with cheaper capital and labor and materials will drive them out of the market. It is a clear view of this possibility which makes far-sighted and clear-headed men a little nervous to-day about investing more money at so high a level of capitalization that future sacrifices are certain to be necessary. They would prefer a gradual sinking to a further mounting only to fall the harder. "Well, the break can't come too soon to suit me," is the sentiment one hears expressed in a surprising number of unexpected quarters.

This thing has wider bearings. It touches the entire industrial situation of the United States. President James J. Hill shrewdly stated an apparent paradox, the other day, when he said that our very prosperity was our present chief peril, from the point of view of international trade. The foreign markets which we conquered in the desperation of our recent adversity, we are letting slip from our fingers in the complacency of our existing prosperity. The point is driven home by the Chief of the Bureau of Foreign Commerce, in his recent annual review. High prices and profits at home have made our great manufacturers neglect the foreign trade, comparatively. Domestic demand has been so enormous that everything else has been forgotten. Such vast sums as Jones & Laughlin at Pittsburgh, for example, are spending on their steel plant, are intended primarily to catch up with the home trade. Similar outlay and improvements and extensions elsewhere are certain to result in an immensely expanded production in the near future, which will not only overtake, but outstrip, the needs of the home market. It is that impending glut, along with the choked outlet abroad, in connection with which President Hill expresses a prescient fear.

Ah, but when the domestic glut comes,

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we shall cheerfully resume our invasion of foreign markets. We shall again "dump" our surplus goods upon the doomed Eur[illegible] But the process may not be so easy the second time. This is the truth which Chief Emory enforces. Europe has not been asleep, meanwhile. She does not intend to fall helpless before the "American peril" the next time. While we have been revelling in our wonderful home market, European manfacturers have been fortifying themselves against our next attack. They are bringing their plants up to date. They have taken of the best of our labor-saving and electrical machinery, and are now preparing to beat us with our own weapons. Not even our boasted tariff weapons are they neglecting to furbish up for their own use, as any one will be convinced who looks carefully at the recent tariff legislation of Germany and Austria and Russia. Those countries are confident that they will be in an impregnable position when our next frontal attack is made. In time of depression they feared us; but now that we have waxed fat on prosperity, they snap their fingers at us. These are some of the considerations which cause President Hill to dread lest a glut at home, falling in with a congested outlet abroad, may shake our industrial prosperity to its base.

To these aspects of the seamy side of prosperity, the moralist, as distinguished from the financier and the politician, could certainly add many more. The lavish habit of flush times; the lax standards for which wealth is made the sufficient apology; the premium put upon the gambling spirit; the substitution of debonair recklessness for prudence; the strengthened tendency to lean upon the Government and to curse every Administration as imbecile which does not guarantee a chicken in the pot—all these and the other moral obverses of prosperity might well be commended to the thoughtful. We may yet come, with Calhoun, to thank God for hard times as the necessary corrector of evil customs and the salutary nurse of the more rugged civic virtues.

THE NEGRO AND THE TRADE UNIONS.

The seventh number of the Atlanta University publications has just been issued under the title of 'The Negro Artisan,' edited by W. E. B. Du Bois. Of its 192 pages, 23 relate to the trade unions and negro labor. That this was a coming question, and one not easy of solution, was perceived long ago; but it was generally supposed that the economic importance and growing competition of the negro in handicrafts would open for him the door to the unions, and that the color line would gradually disappear. It is, therefore, a surprise to learn from Mr. Du Bois's investigations that the record of the American Federation of Labor toward black mechanics has been one of retrogression, and that the color line has been deepening there in recent years despite the efforts of its President, Samuel Gompers.

At the close of the civil war a wave of sympathy for the freedmen swept over the North. It affected the wage earners equally with other classes of society. In 1866 the National Labor Union officially called upon all workers "of whatever nationality, creed, or color, skilled *or* unskilled, . . . to join hands to the end that poverty and all its attendant evils shall be abolished." This declaration was followed by a similar one from the National Labor Congress of the following year. The next deliverance on this subject came from the Knights of Labor at their national convention in 1876, whose creed recognized no distinction of "race, creed, or color." Notwithstanding this liberal and rotund sentiment, very few Northern negroes gained admittance to trade unions, since the proceedings of the Knights were secret, and three blackballs sufficed to exclude from membership in any local Assembly. In the South, where negro artisans were more numerous, they were able to organize unions of their own, but at the annual convention held at Richmond in 1886 District Assembly 49, from New York, brought a negro delegate who proved to be the innocent source of so much trouble in hotels and theatres and on the floor of the convention that the Grand Master Workman, Mr. Powderly, had to call upon the chief of police for protection. He also made a very stirring appeal in the columns of the Richmond *Dispatch* for the rights of the black man, but the only practical response that he received was a letter from a Richmond lady offering him (Powderly) the position of coachman in place of a black one who had left her, "because," she said, "you are so much in sympathy with the negro."

The decline of interest in the negro as a trade unionist dates from this year, 1886. The Knights of Labor also began to "decline and fall off," the same year, and the American Federation of Labor began to supplant them as a national organization. President Gompers early took the position that no union affiliated with the Federation had a right to debar negroes from membership. He was not able, however, to secure obedience to this rule. It was found to be necessary in the South to have unions for whites and blacks separate from each other in most cases. Then a difficulty arose in the central bodies chartered by the Federation, which refused to receive delegates from local unions of negroes. The National Federation was unable to insist that they be received, because such insistence would have caused disruption of the central bodies. All that President Gompers could accomplish was to secure charters for central labor unions and Federal labor unions composed wholly of colored men. This was accomplished at the convention at New Orleans last November. Two additional rules of a retrograde nature are mentioned by Mr. Du Bois, but they appear to have come in force by tacit agreement, rather than by open vote. One is that a union which expressly excludes negroes by Constitutional provision may affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. The railway trackmen, telegraphers, and others are cited as being in this category. The other is that a union already affiliated with the Federation may amend its laws so as to exclude negroes. This was done by the stationary engineers at their Boston convention in 1902. As the Federation took no action in these cases, its assent is presumed.

Nevertheless, there are some unions of a national or international character which have a considerable negro membership. The largest of these is the United Mine Workers, with a black membership of 20,000 in a total of 224,000; the tobacco workers, black 1,500; the barbers, black 800; the carpenters, black 1,000. Of course, there are many more blacks in the trades named who are non-unionists, or are not affiliated with unions recognized as regular by the Federation of Labor. The Journeymen Barbers' International Union has a difficulty in Little Rock, Ark. There is a white union and a colored one there. The white union will not meet the colored one, but insists that the latter shall obey the rules established by the former. The colored union declares that it was first in the field and refuses to be "bossed." The trouble is still unsettled, and it is not the only one of its kind, nor is it confined to the South. A similar case is reported in Pennsylvania, where a local white secretary says: "We have to recognize them to hold our prices and short hours, but we find it very hard to get along with them."

It is a noticeable fact that the line of greater or less exclusion of negroes runs parallel with the greater or less degree of skill required in the respective trades. Thus, there are very few negroes found among the carpenters and joiners. In the South they have separate unions. In the great cities of the North, it is almost impossible for a negro to be admitted to the local unions, and there is no appeal from their decision. Among the teamsters, however, there are many negroes, and there is no difficulty in gaining admission, while the Hod Carriers' Union has a majority of negro members; and, as we have seen, the negro membership among the United Mine Workers and the Journeymen Barbers is large. The Longshoremen have no objection to negro members. The masons and bricklayers also have a large

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colored membership in the South, and often in mixed unions. In the North, however, where there are very few colored men qualified, it is very difficult for them to gain admission. In Washington city they are not admitted at all.

If any generalization is to be drawn from the facts collected by Mr. Du Bois, it is that the trade unions will in the long run be governed by their pecuniary interests. At the outset they share the feeling of race prejudice which so largely prevails, both North and South, but they will not allow this feeling to shipwreck the greater aims of unionism. An official of the Broommakers' Union writes:

"I am informed that some organizations refuse membership to the negro. I consider it a serious mistake, as white labor cannot expect the negro to refrain from taking better places unless we will assist him in bettering his condition."

In this sentence, probably, we find the reason why the unskilled or half-skilled trades are more open to "negro equality" than any other. The less skill required, the greater the number of possible competitors, and the greater the inducement to take the negro into partnership as a worker. When the colored men come in single files they are excluded, but when they come in battalions they are admitted to the unions. And so it must be, unless the race question is to end in bloodshed among the wage-workers themselves. The negro is making progress as an artisan. The employers have no objection to him as a worker, but rather welcome him. Therefore, his competition will be a progressive factor in the industrial world, and the question is, whether his competition shall be controlled as far as possible under union rules, or whether it shall come in conflict with unionism and take sides with the employer. When this issue becomes a serious one, it is hardly doubtful that race prejudice will yield to pecuniary interest.

A YEAR OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION.

To thoughtful Americans the most interesting of recent publications will be neither the latest story of marital infelicities nor the newest historical novel, but the first "Year-Book" of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Mr. Carnegie's trustees make so complete a report that it is possible to study the actual condition and the prospects of this unique organization for research. Conservative management is plainly in evidence. The recommendations for appropriations from the annual income of $500,000 are made by eighteen small advisory committees composed of distinguished exponents of the various sciences. These committees all seem impressed with the inadvisability of duplicating the work of existing institutions, or of allowing the Carnegie fund to become an alms for causes which are able to provide for themselves. This refreshing sanity of view appears in the first declaration of the committee on geology, which is of the opinion "that research in geology is fairly well provided for by existing agencies."

Perhaps the most striking advantages of this method of coöperative investigation are illustrated in the plan of the Committee of Proposed Explorations and Investigations, for "a Biological Survey of that portion of the Old World lying north of the tropics, and technically known as the Palæarctic region." This investigation is to coördinate the mass of observations in natural history since Aristotle, treat the vexed question of the relationship between life of Northern America and Northern Europe and Asia; solve the large problem of former glacial deposits and their influence on the present distribution of life; and consider the whole matter of the historic expansion of fauna, besides many topics of more limited interest. All this is work with which no other institution is fully fitted to cope; and in a day when science tends to lose itself in mere heaping up of minute inquiries, such a plan for generalization is peculiarly inspiring.

The most ambitious programme is that of physics for a fully manned laboratory at Washington, an annual grant of $150,000 to spend at that centre, and of $100,000 to distribute to institutions and investigators throughout the country. Only an expert can judge of the propriety of such aspirations. To a layman the request for the permanent appropriation of one-half the entire income to a single science, even though it be the broadest of all, seems of a boreal coolness. With a modesty dictated by the historic view, the palæontologists seek only a journal and a few fellowships; but those who deal chiefly with fossils necessarily lack something of modern financial initiative. Similarly, the geologists ask for fellowships, and emphasize the coöperative nature of the institution by offering to lend instruments to properly accredited exploring parties. These gentlemen also exemplify a shrewdness usually denied to specialists in refusing to set subjects for research, preferring that candidates for fellowships should show their worthiness by themselves suggesting promising lines of investigation. The botanists, even if they get their "desert botanical laboratory," will hardly succeed in making the desert blossom like the rose, but they will throw new light on a kind of plant life now insufficiently understood. To complete this hurried survey, the Committee on Anthropology points out the researches into the language, religions, and customs of certain Indian tribes which must be promptly made, if at all. The phonograph—for songs and ritual—plays an interesting part in the recommendations. Those who have taken their idea of Indian religion from 'Hiawatha' will be shocked to learn that "all the [Indian] rituals are regarded as personal property, and may not be transferred except on payment of goods or money." Clearly Mr. Carnegie's trustees must not shrink from subornation of piety.

Within the fields represented by the eighteen committees, this year-book presented by President Gilman and his associates gives abundant evidence of original and discriminating activity. But to many the largeness and evident promise of the Carnegie Institution will not disguise a certain one-sidedness. Among eighteen advisory committees, chiefly drawn from professors of the technical sciences, the single representative of the historical or humane studies is the Committee on History, unless, indeed, anthropology and psychology be included among the humanities. In the past year $185,000 was appropriated to various branches of research; of this, history got $5,000. There is an obvious disproportion here. The Carnegie Institution cannot afford to assume that the study of man's achievements in art, literature, and statecraft should occupy a position wholly subordinate to the investigation of the physical phenomena of the world. May it not be that such an institution as the American School at Athens, which, in its recent excavations of the Argive Heræum, has given us a glimpse of an artistic period hitherto unknown, and has rescued noble marbles for the pleasure of the world—may not such an institution be as worthy of assistance as a laboratory which studies the microscopic forms in sea water?

The chemists of the Institute have recommended that investigators in their subject be supplied with assistants. Would not a similar principle suggest that the numerous museums of America, which have valuable collections but funds quite insufficient to supply skilled curators, should be given the very little money that would make their resources available? Here is a field ready for the Carnegie Institution, and a field in which a very little money would produce very fruitful results. There are not a few museums where one or two supplementary salaries of $1,000 or $1,500 would double the efficiency of the staff. It may be that literary, philological, and artistic investigation is already "fairly provided for by existing agencies," but the representatives of these subjects should at least have an opportunity to join in this self-denying ordinance of the geologists. Until representatives of the humane arts and sciences have a hearing in the Carnegie Institution, its organization must be regarded as incomplete.

THE SACREDNESS OF THE TREE.

Tree-planting associations and Arbor Days are good things. It is well that

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the brutally commercial spirit which considers a tree as merely so much lumber should be checked, and that the love for trees as things of beauty should be cultivated. But there are always two possible extremes between which lies the truth, and now and then one sees signs of a sentimental and almost superstitious reverence for the tree, as such, which is even absurd. It may not be an especially fine tree; it may obviously be in the wrong place; it may have grown of itself or it may have been unintelligently planted; but, once in existence, it is to be religiously respected, and to cut it down or even to move it becomes a kind of crime. It may so shade a house as to render it unhealthy for the indwellers, it may mask a beautiful prospect or disorganize a landscape composition; but it is vandalism to touch it. Let a man so much as propose to lop away the lower branches of a pine-grove, thereby opening up a noble view of mountain between the pillared trunks, and making of the needle-strewn floor a perfect playground, and he is met by the shocked protests of the very neighbors who will, a little later, learn to appreciate the far higher beauty which he has created out of mere natural wildness. Cannot we learn that the axe, too, is a good tool in the hands of an artist, and that even a beautiful tree may be, as *dirt* has been defined, "matter in the wrong place," and to be got rid of?

We have lately had a striking instance of the possible inconvenience of this survival of primitive tree-worship in the discussion of a site for Saint-Gaudens's wonderful equestrian group of Gen. Sherman. Three sites were proposed for it. In the order of preference of the artist and his architect these are: first, on Riverside Drive, before Grant's Tomb; second, the round-point at the southern end of the Mall in Central Park; third, the site, finally selected, in the Plaza at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. The selection of the first of these sites seems to have been prevented by jealousies with which we have, at present, no concern; but the Park Commissioners refused the second, for reasons which it may be worth while to discuss.

It might be argued, with some plausibility, that the Sherman group is not of the kind of sculpture best suited for the ornamentation of a public park, that park sculpture should be rather decorative than monumental, and that, above all, it should not be military. This, however, is a counsel of perfection. Sculpture of the purely ideal and decorative kind we do not possess, and, at present, do not seem likely to possess, and we must make the best use possible, for decorative purposes, of such memorial sculpture as people are willing to pay for. The Sherman group is superbly decorative, apart from its subject, and would richly ornament any place in which it might be put, while it would be seen to the best advantage in such a site as that proposed.

At the round-point there are four well-grown and handsome elms which it might be necessary to remove to make room for the statue and its pedestal, and this sacrifice the Commissioners were unwilling to make. They seem, also, to have thought that the statue would interfere with the effect of the Mall as a piece of landscape architecture by closing the southern end of the vista. Now there is much good designing in Central Park, but the approach to the Mall is not an example of it. The splendid double avenue which terminates magnificently, at its northern end, in the Terrace, is suddenly narrowed at the south by these four trees, and seems to leak away into the general surroundings and lead to nothing. What is distinctly wanted is just what the Sherman group would have supplied—an object of importance from and to which the vista should lead, yet an object relatively small enough not to obstruct the view. Even were no such work of art available to mark the axis of the walk, it would still be an improvement to do away with the four trees; but they are there, and the sacredness of the tree forbids that the mistake of their planting should ever be corrected.

Whatever may be the fitness or unfitness of an equestrian monument for the ornamentation of a park, no one can deny that such a monument is an appropriate ornament for an open space in a city such as is the Plaza, and to the Plaza the Sherman is to go. It is an honorable site—though the great height of the buildings which partially surround it is somewhat of a drawback; a site which might satisfy any artist were it properly prepared for the statue. Ah, but there are the trees! There are trees in the Plaza, and they must not be sacrificed. It is true that the statue will never be properly seen—but what of that? It is true that the man who should propose to plant trees in rows either side the Colleoni at Venice would be thought a lunatic—but the trees are here, and the statue shall be set between them because it is inconceivable that they should be disturbed. It is true that these are not particularly fine trees, and that far finer ones could be grown in fifty years. It is true that the Sherman group is not merely a work of art, but such a splendid and consummate work of art as has not, perhaps, been produced in four hundred years. What then? The Tree is sacred and must not be touched. The statue may suffer—the whole effect of the square may suffer—but the tree, like the American flag, must never come down.

Not that it would be necessary to use the axe. To move trees of almost any size, and to replant them safely, is, today, as has often been proved, a mere matter of expense. Money will do it, and when the city is offered a monument to one of the greatest of soldiers, which is also the masterpiece of a great sculptor, it might surely spend the money necessary to clear for it a proper site so that it may be seen and appreciated. The Plaza is not a breathing-space in a congested district where a bit of green to rest the eyes may, conceivably, be more important than any statue. It is at the very entrance of the Park, to which it would make the better contrast and preparation if it were itself bare of trees. The statue which is to be erected is so important that all else in the square will properly be its setting, and the setting ought to be appropriate to the jewel and to show it off to the best advantage. The sculptor and his architect, Mr. McKim, are both members of the commission which has been preparing plans for the beautification of Washington, and no better men could be chosen if such a commission were to be appointed for New York. Common sense would seem to point out that they, with, perhaps, one other eminent artist—architect or landscape gardener—should be invited to draw plans for such alterations in the planting and arrangement of the Plaza as would make it a fitting frame for the noble work of art which it is to contain. Alas! we seldom do the sensible thing, and it is to be feared that tree-worship will be allowed to prevent our taking advantage of a golden opportunity.

MIDWINTER LOAFING IN JAMAICA.—I.

MANDEVILLE, January 31, 1903.

It was no longer ago than Wednesday of last week that I was making my way from Cambridge to Long Wharf in Boston, over streets and walks covered with glare ice on which a heavy rain was pouring; and yet I have already been almost a week in the tropics. It is my happy lot to live among people who may fairly be called strenuous; and, whether it be that strenuousness is contagious, or temperamental, or that low temperatures and high-strung nerves go together, certain it is that high temperatures relax nerve-tension and are a better antidote for brain-fag than the venders of "Moxie" might like to have us believe. A friend whose good judgment I trust, suggested a brief trip to Jamaica; and, feeling the need of a break more than I like to admit, I followed his suggestion without ado. Kingston, although little over five degrees west of Boston, is almost twenty-five degrees south—that is, not very far from a third of the distance from pole to equator; and the voyage, accordingly, takes you through a considerable part of the gamut of ordinary climatic changes, and necessitates a corresponding variety of clothing, perhaps an ulster or a wind-proof Swedish leather jacket for the first day or two, and the lightest Bombay coat for the last days and for use on the island itself.

The voyage out, on the steamer *Admiral Farragut* of the United Fruit Company, was so strictly according to schedule as to be quite devoid of noteworthy incident,

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First you have the more or less boisterous North Atlantic, and deserted dining-tables; then, at 35 degrees North, or thereabouts, smoother seas and milder breezes bring out the convalescents to their steamer-chairs; and anon glum silence gives place to song, as does the blackness of the northern water to the true sapphire blue of the tropics. At the same time, it may be noted, fasting gives place to excessive and extremely unintelligent eating. Compared to the tracks of the Liverpool liners, this is a lonely part of the ocean. We saw few ships; but passed, within easy hailing distance, the *Dewey*, which alternates with her sister ship the *Farragut* in the weekly sailings from Boston to Jamaica. By day there was little to see over the rail save the flying fish and the frequent patches of Sargasso weed. The color of the seaweed is a rich yellowish brown, and is very beautiful on the blue, though whether by reason of contrast or of harmony I cannot say. But at night, of course, there was the change in the face of the heavens that could not fail to interest star-gazers; and it may be well, in passing, to remind the traveller that nearly all of the celestial sphere may here be seen within twelve hours by observing the aspect presented just after the very brief evening twilight, and again that presented just before dawn. Most generally striking is doubtless the nearness of the North Star to the horizon. To my mind, Orion rather loses than gains in impressiveness by its greater altitude when crossing the meridian; while, on the other hand, the Scorpion, always tantalizingly low for Bostonians, can here be seen complete, even to the extremity of the magnificent "tail," and thus gains so much as to outrival in splendor the (to us) unfamiliar but much-vaunted Southern Cross.

On Sunday morning the Bahamas were in sight, and in the late afternoon we passed the eastern end of Cuba, Cape Maysi, so close as to distinguish the palms, and with daylight enough to see the verdure-clad mountains, rising from our point of view somewhat in the manner of terraces, each more distant ridge higher and higher, the often sharply serrated outlines of the loftiest being picturesquely thrown upon the background of the evening sky.

One night more of the unremitting twin-screws, and we sight the lighthouse of Port Antonio, which is our outward journey's end. Port Antonio is the principal port of the island after that of the capital, Kingston, and is some six or eight miles west of what we may call the north-east corner of the island, and lies at the head of a broad bay divided into two harbors by a lofty peninsula, and sheltered from the north by a smaller island. The west harbor is the one commonly used, and was entered by us, with the slowness of extreme caution, through a narrow channel between the small island and the peninsula. We were made fast at a little before seven on Monday morning, and the captain took out his watch and remarked facetiously that we were three minutes ahead of time. The run was about sixteen hundred miles; and was made in a few hours less than five days—quite fast enough for those who left home expressly to "go slow."

The Hotel Titchfield, conducted by the United Fruit Company, is situated on the summit of the peninsula just mentioned, and so gets the full benefit of every breeze that blows. And that is saying much; for, although we are a little nearer the equator than is Bombay, the climates of the two places are as different as two varieties of tropical climate well can be. By day there is the sea breeze (they call it "the Doctor"), and by night there is the breeze from the mountains; and between them one need not suffer from the heat. We Hyperboreans must, of course, avoid overexertion in the sun—say, between half-past ten and half-past three; but the danger of sunstroke, which is so considerable in India, seems to be nothing here.

The temperature at the coast is wonderfully equable, the largest monthly range at Kingston between June, 1880, and May, 1890, having been from 86.4° F. to 66.8°, or less than 20 degrees, and the mean range being only 17.1. On the other hand, great diversity of climatic conditions may be had by seeking the various altitudes of this extremely mountainous island. Its area is some forty-two hundred square miles, of which more than one-eighth lies at an elevation of over two thousand feet, and about a third at a level of between one and two thousand. Here at Mandeville the altitude is twenty-one hundred or more, and the place is much frequented as a sanatorium. One of my table companions is a Bostonian who, only a few minutes before the *Farragut's* sailing time, was taken to the steamer from his bed, where he had been suffering from the graver sequels of pneumonia; and in his case the mildness and dryness of the air have approved their salubrity to a striking degree. Further attractions of Jamaica for the afflicted in body are the mineral springs; these abound, but the two most noted are the Bath of St. Thomas-the-Apostle (hot sulphur springs, with a temperature of about 126° F.) and the Milk River Bath. Ample details about these and other matters that concern the island as a health resort are given in a recently published volume entitled, 'Jamaica, the New Riviera,' by James Johnston, M.D. The work is fully and well illustrated, and is serviceable as a general compend for visitors, and may be had by sending a postal order for three shillings to the author, whose address is Brown's Town, Jamaica.

For pleasurers the chief resources are walking, riding, driving, cycling, fishing, and swimming. I lost no chance for the unwonted experience of a dip in the sea in January; the bathing in ocean water at a temperature of 70° or more and the early morning walks appealing strongly to my taste. The macadam roads, barring the steepness of the hills in the mountainous districts, are exceptionally good, and fit for the bicycle, and, of course, also for recreation in the carriage (for which the usual word is "buggy") or in the saddle. There are good golf links here and at Kingston, and tennis clubs everywhere; and the Jamaican waters ought to be uncommonly attractive to yachtsmen. For cruises hereabouts, Kingston, with its excellent harbor, convenient supplies, and hospitable Royal Yacht Club, is a good starting point.

The journey hither by rail from Port Antonio takes us first westward along the coast, then southward across the mountains to Spanish Town, and finally westward and northwestward for about half the length of the main line that runs from Kingston in the southeast to Montego Bay in the northwest. At first we have many charming glimpses of the ocean; and one may see occasional "Tam O'Shanters," rocks rising for some feet above the level of the water, which has eroded the subjacent limestone in such wise as to leave a curious turban-shaped mass resting upon a slender neck-like support. The result is decidedly picturesque. Tons of once good but unmarketed cocoanuts lie rotting in great heaps, and a planter who travels with us charges the railways with unfair discrimination. For a large part of the line across the mountains, the gradients are as steep as 1 in 30, and the prospects from the heights are wide and fair.

Most of us tourists are in compartments of the third class; and there one may learn how to eat an orange without any other implement than a sharp jack-knife, and yet with entire gustatory satisfaction and neatness withal. A charming young woman once told me that the only way to eat an orange was to lock yourself in your room and eat it; and who might dare to guess how many myriads of oranges have been most unwillingly and yet resolutely declined at the tables of generous entertainers, by guests whose only reason for refusal was sheer dread of the possible embarrassments incident to their deglutition? But, with the confidence born of use, the Jamaican goes boldly to work. He pares the orange as you would an apple, in spiral zones, taking care to cut off all of the colored surface of the peel which contains the disagreeably pungent oil, and leaving everywhere enough of the white and tasteless inner portion of the peel to cover the pulp completely. This white peel serves as a kind of edible napkin, and, after you have sliced off a small segment of the sphere near and around the pole, it serves also as a juice-proof cup. Holding it right side up, you may bite into the cup without awkwardness, and enjoy its luscious contents without loss. If we could only have the fruit, as I did, half-a-dozen for a "quattie" (three cents), all tied by their stems into a bunch, and garnished with a dainty sprig of orange leaves, this knowledge might really be worth the knowing. C. R. LANMAN.

THE CHOISEULS.

PARIS, February 11, 1903.

The second volume published by M. Gaston Maugras on the Duke and Duchess de Choiseul is much superior in interest to the first, as it deals with phases of their life of a more private character, and contains more inedited documents. After having been for many years the real master of the destinies of France, Choiseul fell from power, purely in consequence of his proud attitude towards Madame du Barry, the mistress of Louis XV., who succeeded Madame de Pompadour. Choiseul had always found an ally in Madame de Pompadour, who was a very intelligent person, but he could not be reconciled to Madame du Barry, whose origin was of the lowest, and whom he considered a real adventuress. On the 24th of December, 1770, Choiseul received by the hands of M. de la Vrillière the following letter:

"I order my cousin, the Duke de Choiseul,

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to place the resignation of his charge of Secretary of State and of Superintendent of the Post-office in the hands of the Duke de la Vrillière, and to retire to Chanteloup till further orders on my part.—Louis."

The Duke was taking his after-dinner nap when this letter reached him. He read it, went to sleep again, and, as soon as he woke, ordered his carriage to be in readiness for Chanteloup, his country-house. He had served the King for twelve years; he was never to see him again, and did not ask for a parting interview. He contented himself with writing to Louis XV. a dignified and proud account of his long administration.

The public understood at once that Choiseul had been sacrificed to the new favorite, and the emotion in Paris was intense. Choiseul's hôtel was literally besieged by the numerous friends who rushed to bid adieu to the great Minister. His departure took the proportions of a triumph; the streets were lined with people, and when the Duke and Duchess left for the Barrière d'Enfer, alone in their coach, with only Gatti, their doctor, they were accompanied all through Paris by popular acclamations. Madame de Gramont, the sister of Choiseul, was the first to rejoin him, with Lauzun, his nephew. Soon after, the exiles were joined by their intimate friend the Abbé Barthélemy and by some of their relations.

The Duchess of Choiseul left in Paris her intimate friend Madame du Deffand, her letters to whom record all the details of the life led by the exiles at Chanteloup:

"I am happy," wrote Madame de Choiseul, "and what more can I say? . . . We have very tranquil nights, and we spend all the morning in adorning ourselves with pearls and diamonds, like princesses in a novel. I have never been so well *coiffée* and so occupied with my dress as here. . . . I want to become young again, and, if possible, pretty. I will try at least to persuade Grandpapa [the name familiarly given to the Duke de Choiseul by Madame du Deffand, who called the Duchess herself ironically Grandmamma] that I am both; and as he has few objects of comparison, he will be easily taken in."

Life was very full at Chanteloup with writing, reading, amusements, and occupations of all sorts. Numerous visitors came in turn, and it soon became the fashion to make a visit to Chanteloup. The King's permission had to be asked, but after some time it could be obtained more easily than at first. Madame de Choiseul was very anxious to have a visit from Madame du Deffand, but could not induce her to leave Paris. "I must represent to you, dear Grandmamma," wrote Madame du Deffand, "that I am seventy-four years old, that I have to be escorted. You know all that, it is true; but what you do not know, perhaps, is that my head gets weaker. No memory, no possibility of any application, no understanding, no gaiety, no imagination. . . . Such is the state of your grandchild." Madame de Choiseul replies to her old friend:

"You always tell me the same thing, my dear grandchild, so I will always answer the same thing. You think that I love you out of complaisance, and that I wish to see you because I am polite. No, no! I love you because I love you. . . . I wish to see you because, rightly or wrongly, I love you. . . . If your head gets weaker, it will be more like mine, for I never had any. . . . If you are seventy-four years old, it is just the reason why you should live in a château, where you will find, as it suits you, either company or solitude."

I cite only a few lines of this charming letter from a most charming and excellent person; and truly it is but a sample of all her letters. The new volume of M. Maugras may be said to be a triumph for the memory of this admirable person, a model of all the virtues in the lightest society and the most frivolous time.

The château of Chanteloup deserves a description. It is situated in a beautiful country, overlooking the valley of the Loire. It was originally composed of a great central house with two pavilions at the extremities, from which ran two fine galleries with arcades ending also in pavilions. Choiseul, during his long exile, added two aisles, and thus formed a large court of honor. M. Maugras gives the most minute details regarding the inner apartments and their furniture, which was composed exclusively of those charming specimens of the art of the 18th century which are now bought at extravagant prices by collectors. There were some remarkable pictures on the walls, by Bassano, Canaletto, Boucher, etc. One of Boucher's pictures, "Apollo Pursuing a Shepherdess," was painted in 1730 at the time of Choiseul's marriage. The Duke was represented as Apollo, the Duchess as the shepherdess. There were several views of Rome, painted when the Duke was Ambassador in the Holy City.

Chanteloup, I repeat, became a sort of Mecca. "It was," says Horace Walpole, "a new spectacle for France to see a fallen minister remain an object of veneration and of love; it was a new thing also to see the King becoming unpopular, or, what is synonymous in this country, out of fashion. Louis XV. was becoming almost isolated at Versailles; there was always a crowd at Villers-Cotterets, the country house of the Duke d'Orléans, at Chantilly, the country-place of the Condés, and at Chanteloup. Chancellor Maupeou, who had dissolved the Parlement of Paris and made, by a sort of *coup d'état*, a new Parlement (which the people called the Parlement Maupeou), was dissatisfied with the leniency of Louis XV. in allowing everybody to pay a visit to Chanteloup. "At my age," said Louis XV. to the Duke d'Aiguillon, "people only want rest."

Maupeon advised Madame du Barry to buy the magnificent portrait of Charles I., by Van Dyck. She sold it afterwards to the King, and had it placed in the gallery through which Louis XV. went every morning to mass, so that he should meditate on the results of weakness. When Choiseul had to leave the Cabinet, he retained his office, which was very important in a pecuniary point of view, of Colonel-Général des Suisses (it stood him in 100,000 livres a year). After some time he was notified that this office had been taken away from him. The King's orders were transmitted to him one evening, when he was sitting quietly in the salon of Chanteloup, with the usual company. By way of compensation the King gave the Duke 110,000 francs in pensions. The post of Colonel-Général was given to the Count d'Artois. The Duke had to make great economies in his domestic arrangements. He sold his gallery of pictures. He had left his ministry two millions in debt (he had never touched for his own use the large sum which was dedicated to the secret service, as many of his predecessors had done); he had spent a great part of his wife's fortune. The sale of the pictures produced 443,000 livres only. "If," wrote Grimm, "they had belonged to an obscure man, they would not have fetched more than 25,000 livres." If they were sold at the present time, it is difficult to say how much they would fetch, but the sum would certainly be vastly superior to that obtained in 1772. The Duchess sold her diamonds, and, in order to protect the remainder of her personal fortune, she had to procure a sentence, at the request of her husband, of "séparation de biens," pronounced by the Châtelet of Paris on the 21st of May, 1772.

Madame du Deffand at last consented, after many tergiversations, to go to Chanteloup. She writes from there:

"The life led here suits me perfectly; one has the greatest liberty, it is the tone of the house. No compliments, no getting up for anybody; one stays in his own room or goes to the salon. You talk to whomever you like, you breakfast at all hours. At five or six o'clock, shooting or walking; supper at eight o'clock—excellent food, eighteen or twenty people at table. The first-comers seat themselves as they like; one arrives when one likes; there is no waiting for anybody. On leaving the table the mail is distributed; each one reads his own in private. News is exchanged. Cards begin; one plays, or not. . . . The conversation is very animated and agreeable, as there are many witty and companionable people."

Mme. du Deffand was afraid of being scolded by Walpole for undertaking the journey to Chanteloup; he wrote to her a severe letter, and she almost excused herself to him. She left Chanteloup after a stay of five weeks, and travelled back to Paris by very short stages. She had, she said, the malady of old age, which drives people back to their own domicile. "It is this dreadful malady which tore me away from Chanteloup. . . . I never loved Grandmamma so much, I never was so happy. . . . I have exchanged the golden age for the iron age."

The Baron von Gleichen was an old friend of the Choiseuls and made them a visit. M. Maugras enters into infinite details on all these visits, on the little incidents of the life of the exiles, on their theatrical representations, on the relations of Madame de Choiseul with her sister-in-law, Madame de Gramont. Notwithstanding all the visits they received and their numerous correspondents, life was beginning to become rather tedious to the exiles. Curiously enough, Madame du Deffand had suddenly a sort of divination: she predicted to her grandmamma that she should soon see her again, but not at Chanteloup—in Paris, in the Hôtel de Choiseul, rue de Richelieu; and so she adds: "Keep this letter, in order that it may remind you of my prediction." The Duchess answers her: "This is too strong; it savors of inspiration. What! I shall see you this very winter, and we are already in the middle of March? If you have told the truth, I shall be afraid of you. I shall believe that you are intimately in league with either God or the Devil." A month after, the prediction became a reality. Louis XV. fell ill of smallpox, and died on the 10th of May, 1774. This date marked the end of the exile of the Choiseuls.

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Correspondence.

WE ARE THE SAINTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your remarks upon the comment of the Paris *Temps* regarding the "general moral slump" in the treatment of the inferior races, you interpret the same as "a necessary reflex of the wave of Imperialism and conquest which has swept over the whole world within the last decade." That there is some close connection between the two phenomena seems, indeed, very probable. But, as myself anti-Imperialist, may I be allowed to suggest that the deeper question yet remains, Whence the wave of Imperialism? Shall we explain the slump by the wave, or the wave by the slump, or both by some *tertium quid?*

To me the cause seems to lie far down in a general frame of the post-Darwinian, more especially post-Weismannian, mind. It belongs to the *Zeitgeist* and the scientific spirit; it follows from the perception, whether real or imagined, of the lordship of heredity in history and in life. Time was when the doctrine that God had made of one blood all the nations was taken seriously, when the backward races were looked upon as younger brothers of the family. Only give them opportunity—freedom, education, true religion—and they would speedily approve themselves coheirs and coequals. But all this has passed away. Rightly or wrongly, modern science proclaims, *Blood will tell.* Though the children of men be as the sands of the seashore, it is only the remnant shall be saved. Only the elect belong to history; all the rest are rejected as dross from its fierce-heated furnace. All the *extra-organic* agencies of civilization, though by no means valueless, though they may and should secure the best possible result from given material, from certain definite potentialities, are yet powerless against the prepotence of the germ-plasma. They are hemmed within the narrow circle of the present generation; they may induce, but not ingrain, qualities or make them transmissible.

It seems impossible that the widespread acceptance of such dogmas should not harden the fibres of the general mind. The savant regards the plight of the organically inferior races as practically hopeless. Easier to loose the bands of Orion than the fetters which inheritance has forged for the racial soul. The hope of the future lies in perfecting the Strong, not in strengthening the Weak. The Nature-process may seem harsh and cruel and unholy, but it scorns our petty categories; it is beyond good and evil; it is beyond right and wrong. When such ideas, consciously or unconsciously, begin to rule in the head, it is well to be on guard against a stern and haughty and unsympathetic heart; Imperialism and Nietzsche are not far away. But pity supreme will yet assert itself, and in some way effect a reconciliation of science and humanity.

William Benjamin Smith.

Tulane University, New Orleans, February 23, 1903.

[It may be instructive to recall the attitude of the apostle of heredity and natural selection towards the backward races. In chapter ii. of Mr. Darwin's 'Journal of a Voyage' (the scene is Brazil), one reads:

"As it was growing dark we passed under one of the massive, bare and steep hills of granite which are so common in this country. This spot is notorious from having been, for a long time, the residence of some runaway slaves, who, by cultivating a little ground near the top, contrived to eke out a subsistence. At length they were discovered, and, a party of soldiers being sent, the whole were seized with the exception of one old woman, who, sooner than again be led into slavery, dashed herself to pieces from the summit of the mountain. In a Roman matron this would have been called the noble love of freedom; in a poor negress it is mere brutal obstinacy."

"While staying at this estate, I was very nearly being an eye-witness to one of those atrocious acts which can only take place in a slave country. Owing to a quarrel and a lawsuit, the owner was on the point of taking all the women and children from the male slaves, and selling them separately at the public auction at Rio. . . . I may mention one very trifling anecdote, which at the time struck me more forcibly than any story of cruelty. I was crossing a ferry with a negro who was uncommonly stupid. In endeavoring to make him understand, I talked loud and made signs, in doing which I passed my hand near his face. He, I suppose, thought I was in a passion and was going to strike him; for instantly, with a frightened look and half-shut eyes, he dropped his hands. I shall never forget my feelings of surprise, disgust, and shame at seeing a great powerful man afraid even to ward off a blow directed, as he thought, at his face. This man had been trained to a degradation lower than the slavery of the most helpless animal."

In chapter xxi.:

"On the 19th of August we finally left the shores of Brazil. I thank God I shall never again visit a slave country. . . . Near Rio de Janeiro I lived opposite to an old lady who kept screws to crush the fingers of her female slaves. I have stayed in a house where a young household mulatto, daily and hourly, was reviled, beaten, and persecuted enough to break the spirit of the lowest animal. I have seen a little boy, six or seven years old, struck thrice with a horse-whip (before I could interfere) on his naked head, for having handed me a glass of water not quite clean. I saw his father tremble at a mere glance from his master's eye."

In chapter ix.:

"This posta was commanded by a negro lieutenant, born in Africa; to his credit be it said, there was not a ranche between the Colorado and Buenos Ayres in nearly such neat order as his. . . . A short time before, a body of Indians had travelled past in the night; if they had been aware of the posta, our black friend and his four soldiers would assuredly have been slaughtered. I did not anywhere meet a more civil and obliging man than this negro; it was therefore the more painful to see that he would not sit down and eat with us."

We have no fear that our last extract will appear an anti-climax south of Mason and Dixon's Line, where to be shocked at cruelty is both more intelligible and more pardonable than to be pained by caste distinctions at table, even when voluntarily observed in deference by "inferiors."—Ed. Nation.]

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Darwin ('Origin,' pt. 2, chap. 21) says:

"But since he [man] attained to the rank of manhood, he has diverged into distinct races. . . . Some of them—for instance, the negro and the European—are so distinct that, if specimens had been brought to a naturalist without any further information, they would undoubtedly have been considered by him as good and true species."

The importance of the subject (since no one may to-day doubt that racial lowering is the unpardonable sin against Nature, and consequently that such measures as have any tendency thereto are, however lofty their motives, in the gravest catalogue of political error) will, I trust, warrant my asking what weight and bearing you attach to an unchallenged statement, of the nature of this of Mr. Darwin, in the question of negro officeholding, etc., etc., so warmly advocated in your last issue.

Yours respectfully, B. S.

Philadelphia, February 26, 1903.

[Mr. Darwin is arguing from the confessed brotherhood of man against the doctrine of fixed species, and raises no question of superior or inferior in the "distinction." The "weight and bearing" of his "unchallenged statement" on his own behavior towards races distinct from the European is shown in the extracts given above. That "racial lowering" which has produced our parti-colored Southern population went on in a state of slavery, was never deemed reprehensible by those responsible for it, and was a sin not against Nature, but against human nature, being effected through lust and force. Nature knows no forward or backward races, fauna or flora.—Ed. Nation.]

THE BETTER THOUGHT OF THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the prominence which the *Nation* has given recently to the discussion of the "race problem" in the South, will you kindly publish this paragraph from the letter of February 24 of the Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer's* Raleigh correspondent?

"An unfavorable report was made in the [North Carolina] Legislature to-day on a bill providing that each race can be separately taxed to increase its school facilities, and allowing the taxation of each race separately for its schools."

This is probably the end of the agitation of this measure, which was begun in the State several years ago, but which has been opposed vigorously and consistently by the Governor of the State, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the leading educators and public men of the State.

G. S. W.

Westminster, Md., February 24, 1903.

ONE FRIENDLY WORD FOR THE FILIPINOS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With reference to the letter entitled "One Complexion for All Rebels," in your issue of January 22, I should like to be allowed to say that at least one American officer at the seat of the war wrote letters which gave a very different account of the Filipinos from that which Lord Percy gave of the fighters for American independence. I may say that my corre-

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spondent is one of the most distinguished officers in the United States Army, and that, after winning new distinction in the struggle with the Filipinos, he was entrusted with an important civil post. This is what he said:

"Future history, posterity, will never justify or condone our course over here unless we make it patent to the world, and to the natives themselves, that our coming has been a blessing to them; and I am not sanguine as to this. The great moral peril, in my opinion, of the republic is the temptation to exploit for our own benefit the inferior races. I hope, however, or try to hope, that our policy may be shaped by the best Americans instead of by the composite American; that the stream may rise, or seem to rise, a little higher than its source. The natives here are a kindly race, with the impulses, good as well as bad, common to our human brotherhood and sisterhood. Their position is a very pathetic one. Remembering your generous sympathy for the struggles and perplexities of the Italians, I am tempted to write at length about the Filipinos; but it would require a pamphlet instead of a letter, and I forbear. It is a hopeful sign that the United States has made a vigorous beginning in the establishment of schools, and that the natives seem anxious to learn."

I may add that the English officers who have returned from South Africa all speak with friendliness and even with enthusiasm of the Boers.—Yours respectfully,

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

SALÒ, LAGO DI GARDA, February 17, 1903.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My friend Mr. Albert Dicey, in his work on Constitutional Law, the sixth edition of which I have been reading, treats the power of the British Parliament as perfectly sovereign and unlimited. So do other writers on the subject. But is this absolutely correct? At the head of the statute-book stands the Great Charter, which, though Parliament repeatedly confirmed it, is not an Act of Parliament, but a fundamental covenant between the Crown and nation. "The Great Charter," says Stubbs, "is the act of the united nation, the Church, the Barons, and the Commons for the first time thoroughly at one." Is not, then, the authority on which the Charter rests one external and superior to Parliament? Is not the Charter still binding? Much of it, of course, is obsolete. Not so the famous article forbidding the infliction of any penalty on a layman without the judgment of his peers, which is plainly disregarded when the Crown is allowed, in exercise of an assumed prerogative of proclaiming martial law, to inflict upon freemen the punishment of death or other penalties by military tribunals. The question is at least curious.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

FITZGERALD AS A PROPHET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of February 19, 1903, you printed a note from Mr. Alfred L. Ripley, who quoted this remark made by Edward FitzGerald in 1840, on Carlyle's 'French Revolution': "I don't know a book more certain to evaporate away from posterity than that, except it be supported by his other works." Mr. Ripley says amen to this in these words: "Few literary prophecies can show more complete justification than this, sixty odd years after utterance."

One would like to ask what Mr. Ripley considers a test of evaporation? During the past six or seven years I have seen seven new issues of Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' some of them printed in popular form and having a large circulation. There have doubtless been editions which I have not seen. An examination of publishers' sales throughout the English-speaking world since 1895 would probably show that the 'French Revolution' has outsold during this period any other historical work, old or new, printed in English. For any work to show such vitality sixty-five years after its first appearance, can hardly be taken as a sign that it has "evaporated." Most authors would be content if they could be assured of such "evaporation."

Mr. Ripley may like to know, further, that recently 'Sartor Resartus' has been reprinted in popular editions, selling at a few pence a copy, and has been sold by the hundred thousand in Great Britain.

Let us get all the delight we ought from quaint FitzGerald, but don't let us make a prophet of him, or somebody will be reminding Mr. Ripley that FitzGerald found 'Pendennis' stupid, and the songs in "The Princess" poor, and "In Memoriam" far below the volumes of 1842, and that he regarded Crabbe as a great poet and had an unusual admiration for Barton. FitzGerald's forte as a critic was genuineness, not infallibility. His likes and dislikes were a part of himself; they were not regulated by rules laid down in literary histories.

But perhaps Mr. Ripley attaches an esoteric meaning to "evaporation" which does not appear from his letter.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., February 23, 1903.

Notes.

In preparation at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, are 'Oxford Art Collections,' being reproductions of drawings by the old masters preserved in the collections of the University and of Christ Church, with introductions and annotations by Sidney Colvin; 'The Letters of Horace Walpole,' edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, in sixteen volumes, with numerous portraits; 'Elizabethan Critical Essays (1570-1603),' edited in two volumes by G. Gregory Smith; 'The Mediæval Stage,' by E. K. Chambers, also in two volumes; 'The Early History of Baptism,' by Clement F. Rogers; 'Sources of Roman History,' by A. H. J. Greenidge and A. M. Clay; 'French Versification,' by L. K. Kastner; 'Napoleonic Statesmanship: Germany,' by H. A. L. Fisher; and the third series of Dr. Moore's 'Studies in Dante.'

Forthcoming from D. Appleton & Co. are 'The History of Puerto Rico,' by R. A. Van Middledyk, with an introduction by Prof. M. G. Brumbaugh; Lavignac's 'Musical Edution,' translated by Esther Singleton; and 'The Autobiography of Joseph Le Conte.'

Henry Holt & Co.'s spring announcements embrace a translation of Auguste Fournier's 'Napoleon I.,' under the editorship of Prof. E. G. Bourne of Yale, and equipped with a critical bibliography of Napoleonic literature; 'An Atlas of European History,' by Prof. Earle W. Dow of the University of Michigan; 'Variations in Animals and Plants,' by Dr. H. M. Vernon of Oxford; Tarde's 'Law of Imitation,' translated by Elsie Clews Parsons, Ph.D.; and an Italian grammar by Prof. Mary V. Young.

The rather remarkable announcement comes from Copenhagen that two editions of the writings of the Icelandic poet and novelist Gestur Pálsson are to appear shortly—one, containing only the poetical works, in Reykjavik; the other, including, in addition to the complete original works in poetry and prose, a number of translations from different languages, in Winnipeg. This fuller edition will be in four volumes, of about 250 pages each, and it will be published by a number of Icelanders in Winnipeg, the possible profits to be used to erect a suitable monument over the author's grave. Pálsson was in some respects perhaps the most original of the recent Icelandic writers. He excelled in the short story, the form by which he is best known to foreign readers, his vein being as a rule satirical. He was born on the west coast of Iceland in 1852, his father being a poor peasant. From 1875 to 1882 he studied at the University of Copenhagen, and on his return home he became editor of a weekly newspaper published at the capital. In 1890 he went to Winnipeg as editor of an Icelandic paper published there, and died the following summer. The attention of all interested in modern Icelandic literature is directed to the unselfish effort of these Winnipeg Icelanders to honor the memory of their brilliant countryman.

Consolidation is announced of the firms of E. & J. B. Young & Co. and Thomas Nelson & Sons, under the corporate name of Thomas Nelson & Sons.

The sixth volume of Hearne's 'Remarks and Collections' (Oxford Historical Society) contains, in addition to the usual antiquarian lore, a number of particulars of interest to those who are concerned about the history of Maryland. It appears that Hearne made the acquaintance at Oxford of Benedict Leonard Calvert, younger brother of the fifth Lord Baltimore (and later Governor of Maryland), then a student at Christ Church. Finding him a young gentleman of estimable character, scholarly attainments, and a very creditable respect for antiquities, Hearne conceived a strong regard for him, and obtained from him many particulars about the Calvert family, some of which seem to have escaped the notice of biographers. In particular, he copies out a pedigree of the family, drawn up for him by young Calvert, by which we can correct some errors that have crept into the books, and (in one case at least) found admission even into the 'Dictionary of National Biography' and the 'New International Encyclopædia.'

'The Boy's Iliad,' by Walter C. Perry (Macmillan), is a well-told story in simple, flowing language, which retains the Homeric ring and flavor. A novel and commendable feature is that the strictly Homeric tale is rounded out by a narrative of the incidents which precede and follow the story of the Iliad, such as the education of Achilles, the episode of Penthesilea, and

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the ruse of the wooden horse. The illustrations are attractive, and there is a good index which mingles instruction with pleasure by careful marking of quantities. The book will appeal to boys and girls under twelve, and possibly somewhat older; and they will easily penetrate the disguise under which Aias and Aineias and Aiakides present themselves.

Part VIII. of Prof. R. F. Harper's 'Assyrian and Babylonian Letters' appears as one of "The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago." The first part appeared in 1892. His intention, as announced, is to publish the cuneiform texts of all the letters contained in the Kouyunjik collections of the British Museum, which have been catalogued by Bezold, in perhaps sixteen small volumes, and to follow this by a similar publication of translations and notes, with a glossary, occupying as many volumes more. It is a monumental work, but, unlike monumental works of the olden time, it appears in small and handy volumes (octavos, 6x9) of about 150 pages each. Each page contains the text of one letter, with the name of the scribe as a page heading. There are very elaborate and modern indices, four in all, and double-page headings for the volume and for the series. The letters are arranged according to the names of the scribes by whom they were written. This volume brings us down to letter 876. The series, which represents much hard, dry, mechanical labor in copying the most difficult description of manuscripts, is a welcome addition to the material available to the Assyriologist for linguistic study, and the promised volumes of translations should make it valuable for politico-social and historical investigators.

The list of books written by Japanese in European languages is already a respectable one, and two recently issued from the press of Z. P. Maruya & Co. in Tokio are worthy of notice. The interesting work of Mr. I. Hitomi, entitled 'Le Japon: Essai sur les Mœurs et les Institutions,' has reached its second edition. Its 200 pages contain choice and condensed information concerning the political history, religion, fine arts, literature, music, and manners of the author's countrymen. He has a scholar's knowledge of the traditions and the mediæval and modern story of Japan, besides being fairly well acquainted with European literature and with the ideas of Occidentals, but he lacks or declines to use criticism of authority. Hence his credulity as to the origins of the Japanese and of ancient history in the archipelago is almost childish. In an appendix are some useful tables and figures. Mr. Kuré, the compiler of a useful little book (pp. 78), entitled 'History and Theory of Statistics,' says in his introduction: "I have chosen English, as it is the most popular and important foreign language in our country." Making use of the best British and German authorities, he discusses the history of the science, or perhaps we should say the method, of statistics, its contents and procedure, points out the snares and dangers of unscientific handling of figures and reports, and thus furnishes for his countrymen a useful handbook which will aid them in a line of intellectual industry increasingly in favor in Japan.

A compact duodecimo of 300 pages bears the title 'Handbuch der Bibliographie' (Vienna: Hartleben; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The author, Friedrich Johann Kleemeier, has aimed at a brief introduction to the practical knowledge of books and to cataloguing. He surveys in sixty pages the origin and spread of the art of printing; next takes up the book in the elements of its manufacture, gives a section to collating and another to incunabula; passes to illustrations; and yields nearly half his space to the forming of collections, arrangement, cataloguing, repairs, etc. A convenient appendix is a Latin-German index of early city imprints, from Aarhusium (Aarhuus) to Zwolla (Zwolle), and there is another of abbreviations pertaining to books. The "Literatur" or bibliography proper fills fifty pages, and is no slight recommendation of this business-like manual.

Descendants of Stephen Hopkins of the *Mayflower* will be interested in Mr. George Ernest Bowman's unbiassed discussion of the identity of the daughter Damaris in the January numbers of the *Mayflower Descendant* (Boston). Mr. Bowman plausibly argues that the Damaris brought over died early, and was succeeded by a namesake born on this side of the water.

Those who are curious to judge for themselves the new reputed portrait of Dante, by Orcagna, in the Cappella degli Strozzi, in Santa Maria Novella, Rome, will find a good copy of it in the Roman weekly "review of reviews," *Minerva* (issue of February 8). The profile is to right, and the head above the lower part of the forehead is concealed by a hat.

The work of the U. S. Hydrographic Office is described in the *National Geographic Magazine* for February by its chief, Commander Southerland. A brief sketch of the history and organization is followed by an account of the surveys by the navy, the tangible results of which are 1,250 charts available for permanent issue. By this means not only have our maritime interests been benefited, but the efficiency of the navy has been increased by educating the officers' powers of observation and familiarizing them with coast work. During the last fiscal year 24 naval vessels have been engaged in practical surveying operations in many parts of the world. At three of the branch stations night lectures on navigation are given to shipmasters, and notices affecting navigation are issued at the rate of about fifty a week. The Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic Ocean for February, 1903, accompanies the article. Mr. W. E. Curtis gives a sketchy and not entirely accurate account of Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Servia, the impressions of a recent visit to those countries. His references to Russia's part in the recent history of these Balkan states seem out of place in a scientific magazine whose editor and nine of his associates are United States officials. There is a reassuring statement from the Weather Bureau in regard to the rapid decline of the water level of Great Salt Lake during the past few years which has caused much apprehension to the people of northern Utah. It is due wholly to the failure of precipitation during a dry cycle of sixteen years which may terminate next year, and not to the artificial irrigation of 609 square miles.

The *Geographical Journal* for February begins with an account of explorations in Western China, by Capt. Ryder, to find the best route for a projected railway between Burmah and the province of Yunnan. This region, though rich in mineral wealth of every kind, and possessing land capable of bearing two crops annually, has not recovered from the devastation caused by the Mohammedan rebellion thirty years ago. Everywhere are to be seen "half-deserted towns and ruined villages." There was little opposition on the part of the Chinese to the survey, but Capt. Ryder received this significant warning from a coolie: " 'Sir, take my advice; get out of China as quick as you can. This year will be a bad year for foreigners in China.' This was in January: the troubles in North China [1,500 miles distant] commenced in May." Carl Lumholtz gives a too brief summary of his five years' researches in northwestern Mexico, mainly under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History of New York. But we shall have occasion shortly to speak of his published work on this subject. Among the book reviews is a most appreciative notice of Dr. Furness's 'Home Life of the Borneo Head-Hunters,' by Dr. A. C. Haddon, head of the Cambridge Anthropological expedition to Borneo, who says that "to one who has travelled over the same ground, it recalls many similar experiences, and deserves unqualified praise for accuracy alike of fact and impression."

In the *Annales de Géographie* for January is a summary of the recent investigations of plankton, those animal or vegetable organisms which live on the surface of salt or fresh water, or at a depth more or less great, but without touching the bottom. They are economically valuable in that "their abundance is one of the factors determining the productive power of the ocean for all species, and particularly those which are edible." In an illustrated description of a section of the valley of the lower Amazon it is said that the rubber industry is driving out agriculture, and "giving to an absolutely new region the aspect of an old country falling into decay. . . . The cultivation, formerly so prosperous, of rice, indigo, coffee, cotton, is almost abandoned," and the pure food products, grain, manioc, farina, are so neglected that "the people are now liable, a thing incredible, to be visited by veritable famines, as was the case in 1901." Other articles are upon the new English and German pilot charts, in which high praise is extended to the rich and varied work of our Hydrographic Office, on the trans-Mantchurian railway, and the oscillations of the west coast of Brittany. There is also a colored map in three sheets showing the new boundary between Chile and Argentina.

Mr. Robert T. Swan's fifteenth report on the custody and condition of the Public Records of Massachusetts has the same title as its predecessors to widespread attention. It is particularly valuable for its summary of the statutes defining the reciprocal duties of the Commission and the custodians of records (even when these are church records, in the contingency of a dissolution). In a body of fresh information we are told that the town of Medford has an index of its records from the year 1673, and a card index of "the record of every birth, intention of marriage, and death," with a reference to "every baptism and marriage on the records of the First Parish, beginning in 1712," to gravestone inscriptions in old cemeteries, and to family Bibles and genealogies. Since the establishment of the

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Commission, no town has lost all its records, and but two volumes for which there are no substitutes have been destroyed by fire. The "State Standard Ink" formula has been adopted by the United States Treasury Department, and the authorized type-writer ribbons have withstood a very severe test of exposure to sunlight.

Dr. Livingstone is accused by Kruger in his Memoirs of having aided the Kaffirs in their struggles with the Boers by having in his house "a complete workshop for the repairs of firearms and a multitude of war materials, which Livingstone kept stored up for Secheli's use." The falsity of this charge is convincingly proved by the Rev. J. S. Moffat, brother-in-law of the great missionary, and for many years a South African official, in an interesting letter to the London *Times* full of personal reminiscences. Referring to the Sand River convention of 1852, forbidding the supply of arms or ammunition to the natives, which Kruger says Livingstone violated, Moffat asserts: "To my certain knowledge, the Boers have done a very large share in arming the natives themselves." It surely ill becomes Mr. Kruger "to try to asperse the memory of a man whose one object in life was to do his duty to the sorrowful and oppressed races of the dark continent."

The death of the chief Ultramontane *politicus*, Dr. H. J. A. M. Schaepman of Holland, at Rome, January 21, removes from the Lower House of the States-General the most conspicuous member of the Catholic wing of the anti-revolutionary (fusion) party, which won a victory at the polls in the summer of 1901, overthrowing the old Liberal party and installing Dr. Abraham Kuyper, an ultra-Calvinist, as Dutch Premier. Apart from Dr. Schaepman's acknowledged political ability, both as orator, campaign manager, and organizer of forces in the House, he enjoyed a unique reputation in the Dutch-speaking world for his exquisite prose style, his poems, and his numerous literary productions, which were remarkable alike for their clearness, strength, and finish. Born in 1844, he received his doctorate at Rome in 1869, and entered the Catholic Seminary at Rysenburg as professor in 1869, and the House of Representatives in 1880. The later years of his life, as professor in the seminary at Rysenburg and as editor of *Our Watchman* and *Het Centrum* (The Centre), were marked by intense activity. He was one of the prominent figures during the coronation festivities of 1898, having already been admitted into and decorated with the insignia of most of the Dutch royal orders. One volume of his poems is in the fourth edition. Since 1901, he had been house-prelate and prothonotary in the papal household. The Dutch-Americans as well as the Netherlands bemoan the fact that, his writings being in Dutch, his literary light is hidden under a bushel.

—The appeal of the March *Century* is primarily to the man of affairs. Ray Stannard Baker opens the number with the first paper of a series on "The Great Northwest," following the same general lines as his series of last year on the Southwest. Ernest Blumenschein replaces Maxfield Parrish as the illustrator. Jacob A. Riis writes of the "Gateway of Nations" (Ellis Island), while Gustave Michaud and Prof. Franklin H. Giddings discuss the question "What Shall We Be?" in view of the various elements constantly pouring through this gateway. The English language and the traditions of the English law, we are told, will remain. The thought and the social life of the people must be largely influenced by the admixture. But the outlook is hopeful. "The proportions will be such as to make a people strong and plastic—with possibilities of action and expression, of grasp upon the garnered experience of the race, and of daring outreach into the things that as yet have never been, such as no people has yet shown." Will Payne writes of the Chicago Board of Trade, describing the exciting operations of the grain market, and arguing strongly for the general advantage to be gained from the speculative dealing in grain, which makes of wheat "a liquid asset everywhere in the United States." For this reason, and this alone, we are told, the grain grower can borrow on his wheat from 75 to 85 per cent. of its current price, while on the land upon which it was grown he cannot obtain more than 50 or 60 per cent. The "so-called" Tobacco Trust is described by George Buchanan Fife, and Herman Justi makes a plea for the organization (as distinguished from consolidation) of capital as the best means of dealing fairly and successfully with organized labor.

—Henry Augustus Rowland being a name upon which attention will inevitably be arrested in any extensive future history of the development of human knowledge, the future reader of that history may ask, "How came such a tree to grow to such proportions in such a soil?" Well, it happened that the duty of tending that tree fell upon a university president of such singular discernment as not to take fright at meeting with a real live man, a man obtrusively and naïvely real and personal; and so the tree was supplied with the desirable fertilizer, and quite indispensable vacancy, without which its growth might have been vigorous, but never could have attained to largeness and symmetry. Had Rowland been a growth of French soil, the publication of his complete works would have been undertaken by the Government, and would have been executed in such style as seemed worthy of a nation in the van of civilization. Let us hope that some complete publication may somehow be made yet. Meantime we receive from the Johns Hopkins University a cheapish reprint ('The Physical Papers of Henry Augustus Rowland') of his experimental works, some of them too much abridged to answer all the purposes of the critical student. The volume contains, besides, some public addresses and other writings which we are thankful to find thus made available. Those works by which Rowland most stirred physical thought, and upon which his place among those American physicists who, since Rumford, have influenced fundamental conceptions (if any other such there be), must mostly depend, are omitted. It is said, in excuse for this strange method, that Rowland himself did not desire the republication of those papers. We are not told why; but Rowland certainly did not depart from the usual type of genius in that his judgment was less sure than that of ordinary men. Those who knew him would not be surprised to hear that he had passed through a phase in which, like Pascal, he thought mathematics an idle amusement. But this should not have influenced the editors.

—'Tolstoy as Man and Artist,' by Dmitri Merejkowski (G. P. Putnam's Sons), embraces also an essay on Dostoyevski. The book is critical as well as biographical, and, if it were more readable, would attract a great deal of notice, for, to mention only one point, the picture drawn of Tolstoy is quite different from that which the ordinary reader of 'War and Peace' and 'The Kingdom of God is within You' have formed. We will not go so far as to say that Merejkowski seeks to represent Tolstoy as a humbug, but there are many pages in his book which will be painful to those to whom Tolstoy is seer and prophet, *e. g.*, when he is referred to as "lying on his back and wailing in the high grass, as you and I and all the rest of us." We are very much disinclined to be drawn into any "appreciation" of Merejkowski, for we are not at all sure as to what the intention of his volume is. It is obscure, involved, contradictory, and exaggerated, and at the same time argumentative, if not contentious—a bad assemblage of qualities for critical writing. Dostoyevski is contrasted with Tolstoy as "the artist most contrary" to the latter "in the literature of all ages and natures." This is a specimen of our author's exaggeration. Certainly the two writers do not belong to the same school, but, as this critic very well knows, they are akin; in the next line he declares they are "not alien." On the whole, the volume is disappointing. It arouses expectations, but does not satisfy them.

—The last Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund contains the second report of the excavation of Gezer. Mr. Macalister has uncovered an ancient megalithic temple consisting "of a row of seven monoliths, with an eighth standing apart, and flanked by stumps of two others"; the first megalithic monument ever unearthed. The large stones in this monument vary in height from seven to almost eleven feet. The holy stone *par excellence* is not one of these giants, but a stone about the height of a man, five feet five, the upper end somewhat pointed and rubbed smooth by the kissing, anointing, or other handling of the worshippers. The form of this stone and that of some of the larger stones which support and, as it were, honor it, indicates the ideas of nature worship connected with this temple, and the abundant votive objects found in and about these stones make clear the character of that worship. Mr. Macalister also found in connection with this temple what seemed to be evidences of child sacrifice. He traces the history of this temple, if such a primitive, uncovered place of worship may be called a temple, from a prehistoric period, 2000 B. C., or earlier, on to about 600 B. C. From present evidence it seems to have been a sanctuary of the early Semitic inhabitants, worship at which continued after the Hebrew conquest, although the size of the temple diminished—an evidence of diminished importance. After the captivity, the site lost its sanctity—evidence again of the thoroughgoing monotheism of the post-exilic period. Among the other interesting discoveries reported are the remains of a primitive population, troglodytic at the outset, which, from skull measurements and other indications, would seem not to have been Semitic. To them is to be ascribed the commencement of those remarkable caves, at some places of

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almost incredible number and extent, which are so striking a feature in this part of Palestine. A characteristic point of difference between these earliest known inhabitants and their Semitic successors is that the former burned their dead, whereas the latter practised burial from the outset. This accords, also, with the latest results obtained in Babylonian excavations. It is worth noting that these earlier inhabitants used exclusively stone for weapons and utensils. Copper seems to have come in with the Semites. Iron appears at the time of the great upheaval which brought in the Israelites, and threw on the shores of Palestine the Philistines and other invaders from the north and west, 1400-1000 B. C. Mr. Macalister's excavations give us the most extended record yet obtained from any Palestinian site, beginning probably about 3000 B. C. and continuing to about the beginning of the Christian era.

—What are called the oldest documents in Indo-European have lately been deciphered and published by Dr. J. A. Knudtzon, with explanatory notes by Bugge and Torp. The pamphlet, entitled 'Die Zwei Arzawa-Briefe,' is likely to provoke considerable discussion, nor are all its results certain; but it seems to have established one most important historical fact, equally interesting to scholars in the Babylonian and in the Indo-European field. Though too technical to be described in detail, the chief points in this remarkable find are as follows: Among the clay tablets of el-Amarna in Egypt are two which, with the exception of some passages, contain linguistic elements not of Babylonian-Assyrian character, but apparently of Indo-European origin. The tablets, one at least, seem to have been sent to "Arzâwa," a country corresponding to Eastern Cilicia or Southern Cappadocia (in Knudtzon's opinion), and ruled over by a King Tarhundaraba (*cf.* Tarquin, etc.). The interpretation of the letters is possible only on the assumption of the Indo-European character of the language, which seems to be related to Lycian, Armenian, and even Hittite, the group that Bugge now calls "Anatolian." Among many exegetical ventures of more dubious nature, this Arzawa tongue is fairly well established as Indo-European in having the verbal form *csto* (Latin *csto); n* as sign of the first person preterite (Greek *ν*); the accusative in *m* and the genitive in *s* (Greek and Latin); the imperative in *k* (Lithuanian); the superlative in *ma (human,* Latin *summum);* and the personal pronouns, *mi, min, ti, tin,* respectively genitive and accusative of the first and second persons, besides *mu* (Greek μοι) and *imi* (Greek ἐμέ). In its genesis this newly discovered Arzawa language offers a pretty parallel to Albanian; for its vocabulary has been changed, but on the new foreign words are still fitted the old inherited endings. The discovery, finally, suggests a deal more than it explains in respect of the earliest relations between the Indo-Europeans in "Anatolia" and their Semitic conquerors, and will probably revive interest in the Hittites and "Anatolians" themselves, while putting into new form the more concrete question as to the prehistoric relations of the Cretans and Greeks with their Eastern neighbors.

—Based upon the *Normaletat* of Prussia of 1892, a revised decree governing the salaries of the teachers in the secondary schools of that kingdom has just been published by the Government. According to this schedule, the salary of the Rector of a full nine-years institution in all the grades, Gymnasium, Realgymnasium, and Oberrealschule, in Berlin, ranges from 6,000 to 7,200 marks; in cities of the first class, in those of more than 50,000 non-military inhabitants, their salaries are 5,100 to 7,200; in all other places, 4,800 to 6,900. The head teachers in the next lower grades of secondary schools, *i. e.*, Progymnasium, Realprogymnasium, and Realschule, in Berlin and cities of the first class, receive from 4,800 to 6,300 marks. The salaries of the permanently appointed teachers below the rank of rector range from 2,700 to 5,100 marks. In addition, after a certain number of years of service, the teachers are credited with a pension claim of from 300 to 900 marks annually. Assistant teachers are paid from 1,800 to 2,400 marks. Increase of salaries is based on years of service alone. In Berlin, in the regular nine-years institutions, the increase is 400 marks every third year for the rectors, and 300 in the case of the other schools until the maximum salary is reached, and for other teachers the increase is in similar proportion. In addition, these instructors have other claims, such as free tuition for their sons, and in many cases free rent or its equivalent The salaries of university men are only slightly in advance of those given to teachers in the secondary schools. The Prussian Government has just decided to add eighteen men to its university teaching corps next semester. In Koenigsberg, a new full professorship in the philosophical faculty will be worth 6,160 marks, an assistant professorship in theology in Berlin 4,150; two assistant medical chairs will bring their incumbents the same sum; a full professor in the philosophical faculty gets 9,300, while the new assistant professor of Chinese gets only 4,150, but the new full professor in the practical Oriental Seminary receives 8,100 marks. In Halle a new full theological professor gets 4,260, but in the philosophical faculty 6,660. In Goettingen a new philosophical chair brings it incumbent 6,540, but the associate in Egyptology receives only 3,290. The highest salary for the new men is a Catholic theological professorship in Bonn with an income of 10,260 marks. Of course, these professors receive in addition their lecture fees.

ROGERS'S HISTORY OF AGRICULTURE.

A History of Agriculture and Prices in England, from the year after the Oxford Parliament (1259) to the commencement of the Continental War (1793). Compiled entirely from original and contemporaneous records. By James E. Thorold Rogers. Edited with sundry additions by one of his sons. Vol. VII., 1703-1793. Parts I., II. Pp. xv., xv, 962. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 1902.

Economic literature presents no example of a work so long in the making as this 'History of Agriculture and Prices in England.' Projected in 1860, the first two volumes appeared six years later, the third and fourth in 1882, the fifth and sixth in 1887, the seventh in two parts, posthumously, in 1902. Covering a span of forty-two years, the work has thus "worn out one life and has claimed several years of another." As compared with this, the 'Wealth of Nations' took but twelve years to write, although, as Mr. Rae tells us, it was probably in contemplation for twelve years before that. Eden completed his 'State of the Poor' in the thirty-second year of his age; Madox wrote his monumental work before he was forty-five; Macpherson's 'Annals' took at most fifteen years of activity. An interval of less than a score of years separated the publication of the first from the appearance of the sixth volume of Tooke and Newmarch's 'History of Prices.'

The circumstances under which the 'History' was planned are described by Professor Rogers in the preface to the second volume. At the meeting of the International Statistical Congress in 1860, attention was called to the importance of researches into ancient values and the determination of past relations between the prices of labor and food. Being obliged to spend the following long vacation in Oxford, Professor Rogers searched in the Bodleian, and found "a little evidence for the fourteenth century, and much for the sixteenth." In the hope of obtaining further information as to the change of values in the sixteenth century—to which he proposed to confine his researches—he obtained permission to examine the account books and muniment rooms of the older colleges. Here he found, in his own phrase, "a vast store of the most valuable documents," and at once carried the range of his inquiry back to the much earlier period from which the 'History' starts. It was thus chance, as Professor Ashley has said, and not any theory as to the proper method of economic inquiry, which first turned Mr. Rogers's attention in this direction. Nothing could be more explicit than his own statement: "I have thus become an antiquary by accident."

Not only did the impulse of the historian, rather than of the political economist, bring Professor Rogers to the field of his investigation, but it was distinctly as an historian that his work was originally conducted and the early results were presented. He himself described his subject as a "branch of history," revealing "the bygone life of the English people," and, perhaps, aiding "in constructing a philosophy of history by giving depth and solidity to the political events which have been narrated by our annalists." The introductory chapter of the first volume declared: "It is my purpose, in the work before me, to attempt a history of agriculture in England, and to supply a record of prices, especially of corn and labor, from the time at which the earliest consecutive annals begin, down to the close of the eighteenth century." But, however removed from original purpose may have been the intention of using with any directness the results of the projected historical investigation as the data for economic generalizations, it was not long before such a disposition manifested itself. In 1866, at the conclusion of six years' laborious research, the array of facts recorded in the first two volumes had become not only "illustration" to the "maxims of political economy," and "the bases for economical inductions," but even more than this:

"Some of the problems of political economy, therefore, I venture on stating, can

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be discerned and determined with greater ease from the facts which I am able to bring before my readers, fragmentary as they sometimes are, than they could be out of the wider information of our own time. Thus, for instance, the laws which govern prices will, I think, be seen more clearly in these mediæval records than they could be in a modern Price Current."

Thenceforth, to the end of his days, Professor Rogers asserted with increasing vehemence his peculiar fitness, by virtue of equipment and method, for the interpretation of economic phenomena. More and more his services as an historian, even as a social or economic historian, were eclipsed, in his own judgment, by his preëminent capacity for the formulation of economic uniformities. He was accustomed to describe the "haughty loftiness" with which many economists discussed economic questions as "very irritating." But surely no other modern political economist, unless perhaps the late Henry Dunning Macleod, entertained a higher opinion of his own contributions to the science, actual and potential, or expressed lower estimates of the endeavors of those who were toiling by different methods in the same fields. In 1888, two years before his death, he wrote:

"It must, I think, be admitted that political economy is in a bad way: its authority is repudiated, its conclusions are assailed, its arguments are compared to the dissertations held in Milton's Limbo, its practical suggestions are conceived to be not much better than those of the philosophers in Laputa. . . . Now all this is very sad. The books which seemed to be wise are often compared to those curious volumes of which the converts at Ephesus made a holocaust. And the criticism is just."

And yet, estimated alone by positive contribution to the body of economic theory, the service of Professor Rogers would be neither great nor enduring. He wrote enveloped in majestic nimbus, ignorant of much and neglectful of more that constitutes the history of economic thought. His arguments were often epithets, and his objects of attack not infrequently figures of straw. Thus, in 1888, the wage-fund theory was held up as a newly discovered phantasm and logomachy—in the United States still worse; in utter neglect of the refutation of Longe, the indictments of Thornton and Cliffe-Leslie, the ponderous recantation of Mill, and the definitive assault of Walker.

A more important service of Professor Rogers to economic science was in aiding and strengthening the reaction in economic methodology from the *à priori* absolutism of the classical economists to the historical-comparative spirit of the modern day. His fairest and most intelligent critic, Professor Ashley, has told how his name was a tower of strength to those rebellious economists in England who, during the decade 1870-1880, began to criticise accepted doctrines, and how they sheltered themselves behind his reputation for heterodoxy and learning, without very carefully examining wherein Mr. Rogers really was heterodox. It is perhaps not too much to say that Thorold Rogers occupied, although far less consciously, the same relation to the economic reaction in England that Wilhelm Roscher did to the related movement in Germany and to its powerful reflection in the United States.

But it is, after all, upon his work as an historian and as an economic interpreter of history that the lasting fame of Thorold Rogers will rest. Many years will pass before his authority on mediæval prices will cease to be the highest. And even thereafter, when successful criticism of specific, sometimes cherished, conclusions shall have broadened into a more vital assault upon plan and method, only the captious and unsympathetic student will fail to accord full meed of praise to the devoted scholarship and unremitting enthusiasm of this sturdy pioneer.

It is in a spirit something akin to this that the two volumes before us will be judged. Filial piety has endeavored to accomplish that which only antiquarian zeal could hope to attain. We are told that, during the last three years of his life, Professor Rogers was busily engaged in collecting material for the concluding part of his book. But the end came before the prices had been collected for single articles for every year in the period marked out, and many subjects were inadequately represented. More unfortunate still, among the papers that were left, no clue was found to the existence of any other figures or to the source from which the historian had proposed to draw further information. Of the two courses available in preparing the manuscript for publication, namely, to print the tabulations precisely as they stood, or to supplement them as far as possible by further research, the latter course was taken by Mr. Arthur G. L. Rogers, a son of the lamented historian, who was chosen by the delegates of the Clarendon Press to complete the work.

Mr. Rogers has attempted to continue, in something of the same spirit that inspired his father's researches, the history of *prices for the 90 years from 1703 to 1793*. Unhappily, for this later period the sources of information upon which the earlier volumes were based—namely, the domestic accounts of the older Oxford colleges—are no longer available. Accordingly, the editor has had recourse to various other sources, the most important being the domestic accounts of the Cholmeley family at Brandsby Hall in Yorkshire. Here have been found, in addition to many other documents of great interest, "an almost complete collection of receipted bills from about the year 1740, when the real founder of the family, Francis Cholmeley, began to build the manor house and started an enterprising career of agricultural improvements." The family appear to have led the quiet regular life of English country gentlefolk of the eighteenth century, engaging in public affairs to a limited extent, but in the main living, marrying, and dying in normal, uneventful succession. The financial records of this little domestic economy, the range of which is from the purchase of nutmegs to "allopeen for lining skirts," may perhaps be regarded as detail typical of the time and place from which gleaned. Yet a cautious student will be very slow in encouraging any generalization as to social or economic conditions in the eighteenth century upon the microscopic minutiæ here revealed. Illustration rather than induction is the service which limited data of this kind can render, either to the historian or to the economist.

The prices contained in the second part of the volume are of a more miscellaneous character, and have been derived from various sources. A series of notes from the Cholmeley and Howard papers, various tables of gifts, incomes and estimates from the records of All Souls' and from the newspapers in the Burney Collection, a curious account, found in an old pocket-book at Brandsby Hall, of the investments and losses of an unfortunate speculator in the "bubbles" of the early eighteenth century, lists of prices from Mortimer, Lawrence, and Arthur Young, take up a hundred pages, leaving some two hundred more to minute quotations of the prices of stock of the South Sea Company, the Bank of England, the East India Company, and the Consolidated Three Per Cents. There is no reason to believe that the excerpts and the tabulations have been made with other than care and fidelity; but surely not even the most enthusiastic believer in the value of price tabulations will assert that the same ends which warranted Professor Rogers in collecting and printing voluminous details from fifteenth and sixteenth-century rent-rolls have justified his son in reproducing from eighteenth-century newspapers the almost daily quotations of historic corporate securities and public funds.

The most serious deficiency in the volumes before us is the complete absence of anything like the commentary that interpreted, even if it did not lighten, the details of the earlier volumes. Here we may well understand that the heart of the editor failed him. But, in undertaking to complete rather than to publish the fragments left by his father, this full responsibility of an author-editor may reasonably be said to have been assumed, and the deficiency cannot but fail to detract from what at best must have been an arduous and thankless service.

NAPLES IN 1799.

Naples in 1799: An Account of the Revolution of 1799 and of the Rise and Fall of the Parthenopean Republic. By Constance H. D. Giglioli (*née* Stocker). London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

If Lord Nelson had not been by what seems a mere accident tragically involved in the affairs of Naples in 1798-9, it is doubtful whether the English-speaking world would have known much about them. After annihilating the French fleet in the battle of the Nile, on August 1, 1798, he sailed westward and put into Naples at the end of September for a short rest. Unfortunately, there he met Lady Hamilton, with whom he became infatuated. She, the tool of the Neapolitan Queen, Maria Carolina, made Nelson her own tool. He dallied at Naples until December, when he took the fugitive royal family on his flagship to Palermo, and there he lingered, bound by a guilty amour, till the following June. Then he went back to Naples, and, in behalf of the royal coward, who stayed behind at Palermo, he devoted his energies to persecuting and hanging the patriots who had capitulated only through treachery, which he approved, if indeed he did not originate it. Had Nelson in September, 1798, stayed at Malta or Syracuse, as he might well have done, and so escaped the baleful seduction of Lady Hamilton, Eng-

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land would have been saved one of the most shameful blots in her history.

The outlines of these events have been commonly known for a century, and partisans have written bitterly on one side or the other. It speaks well for human nature that so many persons who accepted Nelson as a hero—and of course as a winner of naval battles he was a hero—refused to believe that he could be entangled in so base an enterprise. They condoned his profligacy, but the thought that an English admiral could for a year make himself the agent of the most despicable lot of cowards that even the Bourbons have mustered, that he gladly executed their wishes and went beyond them, that he was not only merciless but inhuman, and gloried in it—these were things which, for the honor of human nature, everybody would like to have disproved. But that cannot be.

Capt. Mahan, Nelson's most recent biographer, relying with unwarranted confidence on Commander Miles, R. N., who wrote in 1843, implies that the charges of treachery and of cruelty were unfounded. What are the facts as to the treachery? In June, 1799, Cardinal Ruffo, who by express command of the King had gathered a nondescript army to win back the mainland, and had made his way from Calabria to the walls of Naples, offered the revolutionary garrisons in the city fair terms if they would surrender. They accepted. But at the very moment when the capitulation was about to be carried out, Nelson sailed into the harbor, and refused, in the King's name, to sanction any offer of amnesty to the patriots. Ruffo protested that the terms were already agreed to, and could not honorably be broken. The patriots, believing that they were acting according to the agreement with Ruffo, evacuated Castles Nuovo and dell' Uovo. Many of them embarked on transports which, they supposed, were to take them to exile in France; others returned to their homes. This was on June 27. "Very early in the morning of the 28th the transports were brought under the guns of the castles [now occupied by the English] and of the English ships, and made fast." Their cheated passengers, instead of sailing off to France, were kept prisoners on board, until, singly or in batches, they could be tried and rowed ashore to be executed. All through the summer, this butcher's work, which Nelson superintended, went on. To say that there does not exist in his handwriting the order to deceive the garrisons of the castles into surrendering, is futile; the guilt falls morally on him, as he was the commander-in-chief; and, far from repudiating the treachery, he at once turned it to the profit of the despicable Ferdinand. When a man of honor discovers that in his name one of his subordinates has committed the basest act possible in war, he annuls it, cost what it may. But Nelson was in no sense a man of honor. In this affair, to quote a recent Italian historian, "Nelson acted like a pirate, the Queen like a tiger, the King like a clown."

Next, as to the cruelty. It was by Nelson's order that Prince Caracciolo was brought on board the flagship; Nelson himself appointed the court-martial, putting at its head a man who notoriously hated the prisoner; and when the court declared post-haste that Caracciolo was guilty, Nelson ordered that he be hanged at the yard-arm of the *Minerva*. Caracciolo did not stoop to ask mercy, but he did ask to be shot, as became a soldier and a brave man. Nelson not only refused this, but further ordered that Caracciolo's body, after dangling from the yard-arm till dark, should be cut down so as to drop into the sea, without Christian burial. What this meant to a Catholic need not be rehearsed here; but we may remark that the spirit of cruelty which impelled the English admiral to treat even the corpse of a brave victim with indignity abhorrent to civilized men, was akin to the cruelty of savages who mutilate or eat the bodies of their enemies.

These facts in regard to Caracciolo are indisputable; Nelson himself never denied them; and neither Commander Miles, R. N., nor Capt. Mahan, U. S. N., can so varnish them as to hide their hideousness. Southey, who certainly did not underestimate Nelson, forestalled the verdict of posterity when he said, concerning the treachery: "To palliate it would be in vain; to justify it would be wicked; there is no alternative, for one who will not make himself a participator in guilt, but to record the disgraceful story with sorrow and with shame." And of Nelson's brutality towards Prince Caracciolo, Southey adds that it "stained ineffaceably his public character."

We deal with this topic first, because it naturally claims the first attention of English readers; but the peculiar merit of Countess Giglioli's book is due to the fact that she tells the whole story of the Parthenopean Republic, and makes intelligible, certainly for the first time in English, the aims of the various parties, the kaleidoscopic changes of purpose, and the characters and deeds of the chief actors. As a study in revolutions, that at Naples in 1798-9 deserves to be better known, for it illustrates better than any other how a people utterly sunk in corruption, with only a few inexperienced enthusiasts and neither arms nor money, must behave when it unexpectedly has liberty thrust upon it. Countess Giglioli gives life-like portraits of Ferdinand, of Maria Carolina, of Acton, their vile minister, of the Hamiltons, and of Ruffo. She introduces us to the patriots, who have hitherto been rather shadowy persons—to Pignatelli, Baffi, Cirillo, Mario Pagano, Mauri, Caracciolo, Eleonora Pimentel and many others, who, whatever their shortcomings in statesmanship, were truly patriotic. The mere fact that out of such a society so many high-minded persons could spring, and that, when put to the supreme test of cruelty and death, they did not flinch, should silence pessimists who preach that any community is too far gone in rottenness ever to become regenerate.

Countess Giglioli describes the awful conditions of poverty which prevailed throughout the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, when the lower classes were crushed by the feudal system beyond the worst that Arthur Young records in France. The Neapolitan Crown had begun to curtail feudalism and to restrain the power of the great nobles when the French Revolution broke out. Thenceforth the royal policy resisted every reform, for in any change it dreaded a repetition of the destruction of monarchy which had come so swiftly in France. The Queen, Maria Carolina, was sister of Marie Antoinette, and she, with Acton, practically governed Naples, their sole aim being to prevent the overthrow of the throne. Naples remained neutral down to 1798, and was nominally still a neutral when Nelson came with his fleet to refit. Only in the autumn of that year did Ferdinand declare war against France, and march to Rome to drive out the French. That campaign, a rare specimen of Bourbon braggadocio, resulted in the invasion of Naples by the French, and the flight of the royal family to Palermo.

Their flight left the city and the mainland in a state of anarchy. The great multitude of *lazzaroni*—idlers, criminals, beggars, ruffians—who were the special pets of the King and Queen, proceeded to loot and slay. The minority of reformers, who for ten years past had been hoping for a constitutional government, saw that they must choose between annihilation by the mob and a French occupation. They decided to admit the French, and for a few weeks order was restored. But, late in the winter, the French were recalled; the Parthenopean republic, without real strength, slowly collapsed, so that by the middle of June it realized that it could not save the capital from Cardinal Ruffo, Ferdinand's lieutenant, who had marched up from the south with an army of brigands. But the garrisons could have done much damage, both to Ruffo and the English ships in the harbor, if they had not been tricked into accepting the treacherous terms of capitulation.

The rest of the story is taken up with horrors. The incredible atrocities practised on thousands of prisoners, the inhumanity of the executions, the systematic robbery which had the royal sanction, the habitual perfidy, have certainly never been surpassed, and, happily, seldom equalled, in lands inhabited by white men. And all the time the coward monarchs cringed beyond danger at Palermo, sending daily their stereotyped message, "Kill! Kill!" while their minions at Naples carried on the frightful work, secure enough so long as the British men-of-war lay at the Molo to protect them. Well does Countess Giglioli say: "In that blind and stupid ferocity which he exalted into a sense of duty, Nelson helped the Bourbons to their eternal shame, and struck a mortal blow to the dynasty of which he had chosen to be a paladin."

Countess Giglioli, who is an Englishwoman, has done her work well. Although she modestly disclaims originality, she is original in putting into this clear, attractive, and convincing form a memorable but tangled story. She has exhausted all the printed sources, and has had access to many that have never been printed. She has listened to Helfert, the Austrian apologist of Maria Carolina, and to J. C. Jeaffreson, who made a business of whitewashing the disreputable. She writes spiritedly, and, considering the horrors which make up most of her volume, she writes with remarkable restraint. She has told to English readers the tragic fate of many brave but obscure victims of that Reign of Terror; and she has shown the logical sequence of events. Her book is finely illustrated with some forty views and portraits, many of the latter being now printed for the first time.

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The Reign of Queen Anne. By Justin McCarthy. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers. New York. 1902.

Mr. McCarthy's style and method of historical composition have already been illustrated by so many well-known works that we shall attempt neither to describe nor criticise them here. It will be enough to state that in sketching the reign of Queen Anne he follows much the same treatment which he observed in sketching the reign of Queen Victoria. The subject, with its due admixture of politics and literature, is congenial to him. Despite certain political proclivities, he writes with candor and breadth of mind. Though diffuse, he is not too diffuse for the taste and comprehension of a general audience. He is never bitter and never dull.

The Queen herself we may at once dismiss, for Mr. McCarthy, like other historians, seems to have found her character quite colorless. When we have said that she possessed the domestic virtues and felt the need of relying on a confidant in times of political crisis, little remains. She gave her name to an era, and at least she was not vicious, but we must excuse her biographers from attempting to supply a subtle analysis of personal traits. We sympathize with her because she was a mother who witnessed an almost unexampled mortality among her children. After this tribute to maternal grief, we may well leave the palace and fix our attention on the reign.

Mr. McCarthy is not inclined to minimize the importance of his subject. "The reign of Queen Anne," he says, "stands out a distinct epoch in the history of the world. It takes rank with the age of Pericles in Greece, with the Augustan era in Rome, with the Elizabethan era in England." Fifty years ago this view was common, but since then it has been less frequently advanced. We are interested to see it reappearing in the pages of Mr. McCarthy. His high opinion of the period, or of its importance, is traceable, we imagine, to the parliamentary instincts which he shares with other old members of the House of Commons. The strife of political parties prior to the Revolution of 1688 was still accompanied by extreme bitterness. The rancors begotten of civil war were not forgotten, and a religious antagonism which often bore fruit in persecution had not yet disappeared. With the reign of William and Mary, English public life enters upon a milder period, and when we reach the reign of Anne the leading political parties have tacitly agreed to play the game of politics according to more enlightened rules. The new régime is unmarked by organic changes of form, but the spirit of Parliamentary debate is altered, and the House of Commons attains an eminence which it has never before reached save in days of revolution.

Mr. McCarthy has heard many a midnight speech beneath the roof of St. Stephen's, and he looks back to the dawn of the eighteenth century for the rise of those modern conditions of debate and influence with which as a politician he is deeply familiar. Hence arises, we may conjecture, his chief interest in this period. "The reign of Anne," he urges, "saw for the first time the recognition of the principle that the sovereign could no longer act without regard for the authority of the representative chamber. The mere fact that such an authority was thus established and recognized, gave to the House of Commons new motives for existence. Parliamentary debate became with Queen Anne's reign one of the great moving forces in the system of constitutional government."

Whether from this fondness for the parliamentary motive or from a wish to accentuate the more picturesque aspects of the time, Mr. McCarthy hardly does justice by the supreme triumph which was won in Anne's name. We refer to the union with Scotland. He refers to it, indeed, "as one of the greatest and most successful events which mark with honor the momentous history of that reign," but such a qualified statement as this amounts to damning with faint praise. While his narrative of circumstances may be termed sufficiently full, his appreciation of results cannot be called adequate.

Among the politicians and generals, Bolingbroke and Marlborough furnish Mr. McCarthy with his most engaging material. The latter he considers to have been badly used by the Government, the faults of his own character notwithstanding. So far as we can see, he would urge on behalf of Marlborough the considerations which might be brought forward on behalf of Bacon and Mirabeau. Bacon took bribes, but delivered judgment with complete impartiality. Mirabeau accepted a pension from Louis XVI., but followed a political course that was dictated by conviction. In defence of Marlborough Mr. McCarthy urges an extenuating circumstance when he recalls how fluid and uncertain were the political principles of that time, and how even the Queen herself was compelled to support systems and opinions for which she had no sympathy. On the main issue of patriotism and perfidy, Mr. McCarthy acquits Marlborough in triumph, and taxes his country with ingratitude. "There is no reason to doubt that while he was engaged in the work for which his genius so splendidly qualified him, he had in his mind and at his heart, above all other objects, the success of the state and of the cause which he represented on the field of battle." With such a verdict as this the great Churchill may be said to get off rather lightly.

Like so many moderns, Mr. McCarthy has yielded to the allurements and cleverness of Bolingbroke. Here we cannot follow him, at least when he gets beyond the pale of a purely intellectual admiration. The idea, for example, that Bolingbroke, with all his ambition and scheming, "was not a man to cherish deep dislikes," is at variance with our whole conception of his career. Stranger still, it seems to us, is the following sentence: "Charles James Fox once said of himself that he could never be much of a hater; and in the better part of Bolingbroke's character, as well as in his parliamentary gifts, there was much which seems to have a certain kinship with the nature and the genius of Fox." Unfortunately "the better part" is less conspicuous with Bolingbroke than with Fox.

The chapters on Swift, Addison, and Pope are all agreeably written, and none of them fails in cordiality of appreciation. Swift has for Mr. McCarthy the special interest which is likely to be awakened in a modern breast by "the prince of journalists." "Swift," he says, "might fairly be called the creator of the modern leading article." Pope's poetry is likened to the Thames rather than to the Rhine, the Mississippi, or the headlong rivers of Italy. "It was like the Thames as it flowed past Pope's home, beautiful, tranquil, musical, not driven by tempest, not calling up images of passion and destruction, but holding always the love of those who from the first are able to appreciate its charm." As for the quarrel between Pope and Addison, Mr. McCarthy agrees that Pope was in the wrong, but cannot bring himself to regret that the "Epistle to Arbuthnot" was written. "Probably English literature hardly contains any rhymed passage of the same length from which so many quotations are so often made."

Mr. McCarthy lays no claim to historical erudition. We look to him more for graphic passages and for judgments on literary or political character. These verdicts, his wide knowledge of men and books, combined with good sense and an unfailing urbanity of temper, enables him to deliver with very considerable force.

The True History of the American Revolution. By Sydney George Fisher. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1902. Pp. 437.

Without wishing that history should cease to be true, one may be excused for hoping that the "true" history may speedily run its course. Mr. Fisher calls his book the "true" history of the Revolution because it presents the Revolution in what seems to him to be the true light, while previous historians have consciously "decided" to present the Revolution in what they very well knew to be a false light. "The historians" have falsified the history of the Revolution in five respects: (1) They have treated the desire for independence "as a sudden thought, and not a long growth and development"; (2) they have assumed that "every detail of the conduct of the British Government was absurdly stupid, even from its own point of view"; (3) they have considered that the Loyalists were "few in numbers and their arguments not worth considering"; (4) they have thought it necessary to refrain from describing "in their full meaning and force the irregular conduct in the colonies which led England to try and remodel them as soon as the fear of the French in Canada was removed"; (5) more especially, they have thought it "will be better" to suppress the evidence with reference to the motives of Gen. Howe in his conduct of the war. The conduct of Howe, indeed, is the principal point which Mr. Fisher emphasizes. Howe was a Whig, and used his "olive-branch" instructions to crush the Tories in England by aiding the Whigs in America; but "the historians" have suppressed the evidence on this point. It is to change all this that we have the "true history." As might be supposed, proportion and emphasis have been subordinated to the necessity of correcting these conscious suppressions and these mistaken notions. Of the 428 pages of text, 247 are required to bring the story down to Bunker Hill; 121 pages are given to Howe's conduct of the war; 60 more are sufficient for the period from Saratoga to Yorktown.

So far as serious students of history are concerned, Mr. Fisher is demolishing a man

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of straw. One gets the impression that he has read nothing that has been published within the last two decades, which have witnessed the appearance of special works on piracy and illegal trade, on the military operations of the war, on the relation of England to the colonies, on the attempt of England to "remodel the colonies" (which, by the way, dates from the seventeenth century rather than from 1763), and on the Loyalists, much fuller and more satisfactory than Mr. Fisher's treatment of these or similar subjects. Doubtless there is no satisfactory single work on the Revolution as a whole, but the work of Fiske, or Trevelyan, or Lecky does not at all answer Mr. Fisher's description of that of "the historians," while, taken together, they furnish a much "truer" account than his own. Twenty years ago, Mr. Fisher's book would have been serviceable as a disturber of prejudices; to-day it can profit only to the general reader who has been reared mainly on a diet of Barnes and Bancroft.

Assuming, however, that there is a large class of such readers, the book is still open to criticism. There is everywhere a forcing of the note, an exaggeration of emphasis, a lack of sane judgment. One gets the impression that the Revolution was an event predetermined by the patriot leaders, but carried to a successful conclusion only by the special dispensation of Howe. The patriot leaders are too merely cunning, the Loyalists are scarcely more than a string of of arguments, Washington has too much the air of hunting for "traps" to get into and out of, Howe has too much ability and too little patriotism, there is too much of the olive branch in the first years of the war and too much of the sword in the last. Finally, in details, the book is not free from errors of fact, questionable dogmatizing, confusion of thought, and irrelevant incidents. It is not true that Boston "demanded" the first Continental Congress (p. 123). It is too strong to say that England never "really established her sovereignty" in the colonies (p. 31). It is mere confusion of thought to assume that because "the historians" think the Declaration of Independence was not long premeditated, they therefore think the desire for independence, much less the Revolution itself, was a "sudden thought" and not a long growth and development (p. 5, chap. ix). The "true" history of Aaron Burr, Jacataqua, their dog, and their child, has no discoverable relation with the "true" history of the expedition to Canada (p. 275).

There is no bibliography, and no adequate index.

Reminiscences of Early Chicago and Vicinity. By Edwin O. Gale. Illustrated by W. E. S. Trowbridge. Fleming H. Revell Co. 1902. Pp. 452.

When Meriwether Lewis, after toiling two years up the Missouri, stood at the fountain-head of that river, he found it small, forming a rivulet he could step across. But, however small to his eye, it was great to his mind; he knew what great things had come from it. In like manner, Mr. Gale, who has walked hand in hand with Chicago's advancement at every step, feels a thrill regarding every feature of the hamlet where his eyes first took conscious notice of anything. His feeling has deepened as the 600 (the maximum estimate of the population he first saw there) have died or scattered beyond knowledge, so that he—perhaps he only—has now escaped to tell us of his own and the city's cradle-years. Not yet threescore and ten, he has seen Chicago exhibit the most marvellous growth of ancient or of modern times. No wonder his heart sometimes overflows in "measured lines which jingle at their ends"; and readers of his pathetic stanzas on Chicago River will hesitate to call him a mean poet.

His diary of current events was early begun. His reminiscences were corrected and completed by research in newspapers often of unique files, by correspondence with his local contemporaries whose race is run, and, above all, through interviews at Old Settlers' annual receptions on his Sabine farm, his father's Galewood. How can 'Early Chicago' fail to become a universal necessity? It answers questions sometimes asked by all dwellers there and by as many outsiders, and to which few of those myriads can find answers from such a first-hand source. Some of these inquiries are when, how, and in what local habitations Chicago's beginnings began, each marking a step forward, if not always upward. Answers, not without many a mnemonic tag, are furnished concerning buildings or establishments like the following—the first brick house, saloon, church (Methodist, half of a log house), school (whether Sunday or secular), tavern (eight among a census of 600), post-office, postrider, stage coach, horse car, steamboat, railroad, bank, gaslight, locofocos (which rendered superfluous the by-law against carrying live coals through the streets in an open vessel), primitive makeshifts at fires, the first steam fire engine, the first piano, milliner, and silversmith (all three more primeval than we think), the first ditching, planking, sidewalking, and draining of streets; canals and waterworks; newspapers from their start, etc. To set before us these origins and others beyond arithmetic, so that we remember much and get an interest in more, no man can be better fitted than is Mr. Gale. Such a herald of the city's dawn we have not seen, nor of a certainty shall we see.

He has witnessed all vicissitudes, and has had more than a finger in not a few. Versatile by nature, he tasted several lines of life before deciding on a druggist's pestle and mortar as his life-work. His Boston birth (1832) was that of Chicago, for Government land there was then first sold. Within three years thereafter, his coming was a swift transit of thirty-two days from New York city, all but nine of them sailing from Buffalo on a brig. Ever since, Chicago has been his home, in the main on the selfsame suburban farm preëmpted by his father very early, and the only one within city limits still held by the family of him who entered it (p. 243). Incidents back of his own memory were so transfused into him by hearsay that he unawares, through a dozen pages, writes of himself while a three-year-old seeing whatever his father saw. His words are, "*We* look about town." "*Our* historic stroll," etc. His phrases and etymologies would sometimes make Quintilian stare if not gasp, and he uses words unknown both to the Century and the Oxford storehouse; yet we can believe that, as he says, he was in boyhood a student of Latin, and that for a year after entering business he daily consumed midnight oil in learning German.

Countless minutiæ, particularly dates and names, which last form a sort of golden book or 'Who's Who' of pioneer worthies, cannot be held in hand by readers. Knowing the inevitable lapses of memory, Mr. Gale has provided an index, here preeminently needful. Thus his volume—a chronicle of day by day, not a relation for a breakfast—will be handy for ready reference in every family. Fort Dearborn blockhouse is pictured on the front cover of 'Early Chicago,' and again at the conclusion of the volume. It had already stood nineteen years when our author was brought into Chicago, and in 1856 he saw it demolished. We cannot fail to share in his regrets that a facsimile of this oldest of Chicagoan relics, insuring safety to the feeble colony, was not exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition, where it must have made a more touching local appeal than did La Rabida, the monastic refuge of Columbus.

Through the Heart of Patagonia. By H. Hesketh Prichard. With illustrations by J. G. Millais and from photographs. D. Appleton & Co. 1902. 8vo, pp. xvi., 346.

"Inexpressibly desolate and monotonous" is the general impression of Patagonia which this book leaves, though these words are used of a particular spot. Its vast pampas, hemmed in between an inhospitable, harborless coast and an inaccessible mountain range, is roamed over by only a few hundred Indians. The white man is to be found in some small towns, and here and there on a farm, measured not by the acre, but by the square league, and separated from his nearest neighbor by "often three, four, or five days' ride." Monotony also is a characteristic of Mr. Prichard's narrative of his eight months' wanderings through this dreary region, where "ever the wind shrills." In the absence of any striking incident or discovery, or of variety of life in the saddle and in the camp or in the hunt, he fills his pages with unimportant and tedious details. There are minute descriptions of his various horses, their color, dispositions, and escapades; more space being devoted to them than to the Indians. We are told, for instance, that one of them, in bucking, gave himself a deep wound in the pastern, and "Jones tied it up with his handkerchief." At a lagoon four ducks were shot, "which were plucked before we came into camp." To this statement a paragraph is given: "I saw one condor poised high." This verbose triviality is unnecessary, for the book, whose external attractiveness renders its contents the more disappointing, contains abundant evidence that had the author taken more time and pains and been content with a less pretentious volume, he might have made a useful contribution to the scanty Patagonian literature.

The discovery in 1895 of the skin of a prehistoric mammal, the Mylodon, or giant ground sloth, in a cave in southern Patagonia, had awakened the hope that the animal still survived in the Andean forests. To search for further evidence of its existence was the object of Mr. Prichard's expedition. He crossed the plain to the foot of the Cordillera in two different places, and explored a small forest tract

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near Lake Argentino. In the open country there were no traces of it, and the apparent absence of all life, small or great, in the forest, more marked the farther he penetrated its depths, seems to warrant his conviction that it is extinct. "But there are hundreds of square miles of dense forests still unexplored along the whole length of the Patagonian Andes, and I do not undertake to declare positively that no such animal exists in some unknown and hidden spot among their recesses." In addition to this negative scientific result, he navigated a hitherto unknown river, a few miles in length, having its source in a mountain tarn, which he named Lake Pearson, after the proprietor of the *Daily Express*, to whose generosity the expedition was due, and shot a new sub-species of puma, now known as *Felis concolor pearsoni*.

Throughout Mr. Prichard's narrative are to be found entertaining descriptions of his experiences, though his adventures were few. He had comparatively little to do with the Tehuelches, but perhaps the best part of his book is his account of this Indian race, which, endowed with many fine qualities and a remarkable physique, is yet fast disappearing, victims of the greed of the liquor-selling trader. By nature courteous and peaceable, when under the influence of strong drink the Tehuelche becomes completely changed. If there be liquor at hand on some tribal festival, "the younger women, who never drink on such occasions, go round beforehand and gather up every knife, hatchet, or, in fact, all and any weapon they can find, and bury them in some hidden spot about the camp. This custom, which is in its own way pathetic, speaks for itself." There is also some reason to fear that the guanaco, upon which, with his horse, the Indian depends for his living, much as the Laplander depends upon the reindeer, is also doomed to extinction. More than once the traveller came to spots strewn with the dead bodies of hundreds of these animals killed by the winter frosts and snow, and he says that the "mortality among guanaco in a really hard winter is tremendous." But the white man, rather than nature, will probably be its destroyer, for the pampa is eminently adapted for sheep and cattle raising, and when there is communication by rail between the interior and the coast it will be covered with countless herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Now it takes some farmers two months to bring their wool to a port and return to their ranch.

There are three excellent maps, and numerous illustrations, some of which are of unusual merit, while others are trivial and uninteresting.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Jacob. A Boy on a Farm, at Work and at Play. Edited by Clifton Johnson. American Book Co. 45 cents.
American Almanac, Year-Book, Cyclopedia, and Atlas. W. R. Hearst.
Andrews, E. F. Botany All the Year Round: American Book Co. $1.
Andrews, E. J., and Howland, H. N. Elements of Physics. Macmillan. $1.10.
Baldwin, James. Barnes's Elementary History of the United States Told in Biographies. American Book Co.
Bennett, Arnold. Anna of the Five Towns. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Boas, Franz. Tsimshian Texts. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Bowne, B. P. Theism. American Book Co.
Brinkley, F. Oriental Series: Japan and China, Vols. 7 to 12. Boston: J. B. Millet Co.
Bruner, J. D. Chateaubriand's Les Aventures du Dernier Abencérage. American Book Co. 30 cents.
Bullock, S. F. The Squireen. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Burgess, E. S. History of Pre-Clusian Botany in its Relation to Aster. (Memoirs of the Torrey Botanical Club, vol. x.). New York: Published by the Club.
Buxton, Sydney. Fishing and Shooting. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.
Carter, W. R. History of the First Regiment of Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry. Knoxville (Tenn.): Published by the Author. $2.
Castle, Agnes and Egerton. The Star Dreamer. F. A. Stokes Co.
Clerke, Agnes M. Problems in Astrophysics. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. $6.
Corneille's Cinna. Edited by J. E. Matzke. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Correspondence of the Colonial Governors of Rhode Island, 1723-1775. Edited by Gertrude S. Kimball. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5.
Davenport, Arnold. By the Ramparts of Jezreel. Longmans, Green & Co.
Davis, C. H. S. Greek and Roman Stoicism and Some of its Disciples. Boston: H. B. Turner & Co.
Dean, Bashford. Japanese Oyster Culture. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Driscoll, Katherine E. A Story from the Philippines. The Abbey Press.
Firth, J. B. Augustus Cæsar and the Organisation of the Empire of Rome. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
FitzGerald, Edward. Poetical and Prose Writings. Vol. VI. (The Variorum and Definitive Edition.) Doubleday, Page & Co.
Forbes, Mrs. W. R. D. "Unofficial": A Two-Days' Drama. (Town and Country Library.) D. Appleton & Co.
Forman, J. M. Journey's End: A Romance of To-day. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Foster, J. W. American Diplomacy in the Orient. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.
Franklin, Susan B., and Ella C. Greene. Selections from Latin Prose Authors for Sight Reading. American Book Company. 60 cents.
Freeman, Mary E. W. Six Trees. Harpers. $1.25.
Gardner, E. G. The Story of Siena and San Gimignano. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $3.
Gazder, N. B. Streamlets from the Fount of Poesy. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.; New York: Scribners.
Gilliss, Walter. The Story of a Motto and a Mark. The Gilliss Press.
Haldane, R. B. The Pathway to Reality. London: John Murray.
Harper, R. F. Assyrian and Babylonian Letters. (The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago). Chicago: The University Press.
Hayward, J. K. A Rebuttal of Spiritism, et al. Peter Eckler.
Jackson, Margaret D. A Daughter of the Pit. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
James, Henry. The Better Sort. Scribners. $1.50.
Linn, J. W. The Chameleon. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
McMurry, C. A. and F. M. The Method of the Recitation. Macmillan. 90 cents.
Métin, Albert. L'Inde d'Aujourd'hui: Etude Sociale. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50.
Paston, George. Side-Lights on the Georgian Period. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.
Patten, S. N. Heredity and Social Progress. Macmillan. $1.25.
Pemberton, Henry. The Path of Evolution through Ancient Thought and Modern Science. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company.
Racine, Jean. Andromaque, Britannicus, and Athalie. Edited by F. M. Warren. H. Holt & Co.
Reich, Emil. A New Student's Atlas of English History. Macmillan. $3.25.
Rexford, E. E. Home Floriculture. Orange Judd Co.
Scott, W. A. Money and Banking. H. Holt & Co. $2.
Sewell, J. W. Language Lessons. American Book Co.
Shakspere, William. A Midsommer Night's Dreame. First Folio Edition. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Smith, C. S. Barbizon Days. A Wessels Co. $2.
Townsend, E. W. Lees and Leaven: A New York Story of To-day. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Triana, S. P. Down the Orinoco in a Canoe. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Van Dyke, J. C. The Meaning of Pictures. Scribners. $1.25.
Van Vorst, Mrs. John, and Marie. The Woman Who Toils. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Wafer, Lionel. A New Voyage and Description of the Isthmus of America. Edited by G. P. Winship. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co.
Wallace, Elizabeth. La Perfecta Casada por el Maestro F. Luys de Leon. (Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago.) Chicago: The University Press.
Ward, F. Pure Sociology. Macmillan. $4.
Ward, Mrs. Wilfrid. The Light Behind. John Lane. $1.50.
Weir, J. F. Human Destiny in the Light of Revelation. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Wiggin, Kate D., and Smith, Nora A. The Posy Ring: A Book of Verse for Children. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Wyatt, Edith. True Love. McClure, Phillips & Co.

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